RAMA AND MOSES

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THE ARYAN CYCLE

AND

THE MISSION OF ISRAEL

BY

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(THE ARYAN CYCLE)

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RAMA

(THE ARYAN CYCLE)

Zoroaster asked of Ormuzd, the mighty Creator: Who was the first man with whom thou hast held converse?

Ormuzd replied: It was the noble, beautiful Yima at the head of the Courageous.

I told him to watch over the worlds that belong to me, and gave him a golden sword, a weapon of victory.

And Yima went forward along the path of the sun, and gathered together men of courage in the famous *Aïryana-Vaeïa*, pure-created.

ZEND-AVESTA (*Vendidad-Sade*, 2nd Fargard).

O Agni! Sacred fire! Purifying fire! Thou who sleepest in wood and mountest in shining flames on the altar, thou art the heart of sacrifice, the fearless aspiration of prayer, the divine spark concealed in all things, and the glorious soul of the sun.

Vedic Hymn.

RAMA

CHAPTER I

THE HUMAN RACES AND THE ORIGINS OF RELIGION

"*Heaven is my Father,* he it was who begat me. My family consists of all this heavenly company. *The great Earth is my Mother.* The highest part of its surface is her womb; there *the Father fecundates her who is at once his bride and his daughter.*"

Thus sang the Vedic poet, from four to five thousand years ago, before an altar of earth on which was burning a fire of dry herbs. These strange words breathe forth a spirit of profound divination, a lofty consciousness. They contain the secret of the double origin of mankind. Previous to and higher than the earth is the divine type of man; celestial is the origin of his soul. His body, however, is the product of the elements of earth, fecundated by a cosmic essence. The

embraces of Ouranos and the mighty Mother, in the language of the Mysteries, signify the outpourings of souls or spiritual monads which fecundate the germs of earth ; the organising principles without which matter would be nothing more than an inert, scattered mass. The highest part of the earth's surface, which the Vedic poet calls her womb, signifies the continents and mountains, the cradles of human races. Heaven : *Varuna*, the Ouranos of the Greeks, represents the invisible, hyperphysical order, eternal and intellectual ; it embraces the whole Infinitude of Time and Space.

In this chapter we shall consider only the terrestrial origins of mankind, according to esoteric tradition, confirmed by contemporary anthropological and ethnological science.

The four races which cover the globe at the present time are the offspring of different earths and zones. Successive creations, slow elaborations of the earth in travail, the continents emerged from the seas at considerable intervals of time, which the ancient priests of India called interdiluvian cycles. Stretching over thousands of years, each continent gave birth to its own flora and fauna, crowned by a human race of different colour.

The southern continent, swallowed up by the last great deluge, was the cradle of the primitive red race, of which the American Indians are merely the remnant, the offspring of Troglodytes, who climbed to the summits of the mountains when their continent crumbled to pieces. Africa is the mother of the black race, which the Greeks called Ethiopian. Asia brought forth the yellow race, represented by the Chinese. The latest arrival, the white race, came from the forests of Europe, between the storms of the Atlantic and the smiling calm of the Mediterranean. All human varieties result from the blending, combination, degeneracy, or selection of these four great races. In former cycles, red and black reigned successively in powerful civilisations which have left traces both in Cyclopean constructions and in the architecture of Mexico. The temples of India and Egypt contained abridged traditions regarding these vanished civilisations.

In the present cycle the white is the predominating race, and, if the probable antiquity of Egypt and India be calculated, its preponderating influence will be found to date back seven or eight thousand years.[1]

[1] "This division of humanity into four original, successive races was admitted by the most ancient priests of Egypt. They are repre-

According to Brahmanic traditions, civilisation on our earth began fifty thousand years ago, with the red race, over the southern continent, when the whole of Europe and a portion of Asia were still beneath the waves of ocean. These mythologies also spoke of a previous race of giants. In certain caverns of Thibet there have been found gigantic human bones, the structure of which rather resembles that of the ape than of man. They point to a primitive, intermediate human race, one still bordering on an animal condition, which possessed neither articulate language, social organisation, nor religion. For these three things always spring into being at once ; that is the meaning of the remarkable bardic triad which says, "Three things come into being together : God, light, and freedom." With the first feeble stammerings of speech, society and the vague notion of divine order come forth. This is the breath of Jehovah in the mouth of Adam, the Word of Hermes, the law of the first Manu, the fire of Prometheus. A divine thrill

sented by four figures, of different types and colours, in the pictures of the tomb of Seti I. at Thebes. The red race bears the name of *Rot ;* the Asiatic race, yellow in colour, that of *Amou ;* the black African race that of *Halasiou ;* the white, light-haired Lybico-European that of *Tamahou*."—Lenormant, *Histoire des Peuples a Orient*, I.

passes through the human fauna. The red race, we stated, occupied the southern continent—now sunk beneath the waves—called Atlantis by Plato, according to Egyptian traditions. A great cataclysm destroyed a portion of it and scattered the remnants. Several Polynesian races, as also the North American Indians, and the Aztecs whom Francisco Pizarro came across in Mexico, are survivors of the ancient red race, the civilisation of which—now lost for ever—was one of material splendour and glory. The souls of these poor laggards are weighed down with the incurable melancholy of a dying race devoid of all hope.

After the red the black race ruled the globe. The superior type must not be sought for in the degenerate negro, but rather in the Nubian and the Abyssinian, in whom is preserved the mould of the race, on reaching its highest point in civilisation. In prehistoric times the blacks invaded the south of Europe; they were repulsed by the whites, and the memory of them has been completely obliterated from our popular traditions. All the same, they have left therein two ineffaceable traces: a horror of the dragon, the emblem of their kings, and the idea that the devil is black. The blacks returned the insult by making their devil white. During their sove-

reignty, the blacks had religious centres in Upper Egypt and in India. Their Cyclopean towns rose tier upon tier on the mountains of Africa, the Caucasus and Central Asia. Their social organisation consisted of an absolute theocracy. Above, were the priests, dreaded as though they were gods; below, were crawling tribes without any recognised family; whilst the women were slaves. These priests had a fund of profound knowledge; they were acquainted with the principle of the divine unity of the universe and the cult of the stars, which, under the name of *Sabianism*, gradually spread amongst the white peoples. Still, between the science of the black priests and the rude fetichism of the masses, there was no intermediary, no idealistic art or suggestive mythology. Industry, however, had already reached an advanced stage, especially the art of dealing with huge masses of stone by means of the *ballista*, and that of casting metal in immense furnaces, at which task prisoners of war were forced to labour. Consequently, to this race, so physically powerful, possessed of passionate energy and a strong capacity for application, religion was indeed the reign of might by terror. Nature and God scarcely appeared to the consciousness of these young races in any other form than that

of the dragon, that terrible antediluvian animal which the kings caused to be painted on their banners and the priests carved on the doors of the temples.

If the African sun brought forth the black race, the ice of the Arctic pole may be said to have witnessed the birth of the white race. These were the Hyperboreans, spoken of in Greek mythology. Tawny-haired, blue-eyed men came from the North, across forests illumined by the lights of the aurora borealis, and accompanied by dogs and reindeer. They were commanded by bold chieftains and urged forward by female seers. Golden locks and azure eyes: such were the predestined colours. This race is to invent the worship of the sun and of sacred fire, and bring into the world a longing for the heaven life. At times it will revolt against heaven and desire to scale its heights; then again it will bow down before its glory in utter adoration.

Like the others, the white race had to shake itself free from its savage condition before attaining to self-consciousness. Its distinctive signs are fondness for individual liberty, that reflective sensitiveness which creates the power of sympathy; and the predominance of the intellect, giving an idealistic and symbolical turn to the imagination.

Animal sensibility brought about attachment, the preference of one man for one woman; hence the tendency of this race towards monogamy, the conjugal principle, and family life. The craving for liberty, allied to that for sociability, created the clan, with its elective principle. The imagination of the ideal began the worship of ancestors, which forms the root and centre of religion in all white nations.

The social and political principle shows itself when a certain number of men, still half savage, pressed by a hostile tribe, meet together instinctively and choose the strongest and most intelligent to defend and rule them. When this happens, society comes into existence. The chief is a future king; his companions, the nobles at his court; the old men, thoughtful and reflecting, incapable of marching to battle, form a kind of senate or assembly of elders. But how is religion born? This is said to have originated in the fear of primitive man before the powers of nature. Fear, however, has nothing in common with respect and love. It does not connect the fact with the idea, the visible with the invisible, man with God. So long as man did nothing but tremble before nature, he was not yet really a man. This he became when he seized the bond

uniting him to past and future, to something superior and beneficent, when he worshipped that mysterious unknown being. But how did he worship for the first time?

Fabre d'Olivet gives us an inspired and suggestive hypothesis as to the way in which ancestral worship must have been established in the white race.[1] Two rival warriors of a bellicose clan are quarrelling. In mad fury they spring upon each other. At that moment a woman, sister of the one and wife of the other, with dishevelled locks, springs forward and separates them. With flashing eyes and commanding accents she exclaims, in panting utterance, that she has seen the Ancestor of the race, the conquering warrior of bygone days, appear to her in the forest. He will not have it that two warrior brothers should fight, but rather that they should unite against the common foe. "It was the ghost of the great Ancestor who spoke to me," exclaims the inspired woman; "I saw him!" What she says, she believes. Convinced herself, she convinces others. In utter astonishment, and as though overwhelmed by some invincible force, the two opponents become reconciled and look upon the woman as a kind of divinity.

[1] *Histoire philosophique du genre humain*, vol. i.

Such inspirations, followed by sudden revulsions of feeling, must have taken place frequently and in divers forms, in the prehistoric life of the white race. In barbarian races it is the woman who, by reason of her nervous sensibility, is the first to have a presentiment of the occult, to affirm the invisible. Now let us consider for a moment the unexpected, the prodigious consequences of an event such as the one just mentioned. In the clan and throughout the tribe every one speaks of the marvellous thing. The oak beneath which the inspired woman has seen the apparition becomes a sacred tree. She is taken back to it, and there, beneath the magnetic influence of the moon, which plunges her into a visionary condition, she continues to prophesy in the name of the great Ancestor. Before long this woman, and others like her, standing on the rocks, in the midst of the glades, beneath the murmur of the breeze and of the distant ocean, will evoke the phantom souls of the ancestors to appear before the people, all trembling with emotion ; and the latter will see, or believe that they see them, attracted by magic incantations in the floating haze, with its lunar transparencies. The last of the great Celts, Ossian, evokes Fingal and his companions in the

gathering clouds. Thus at the very outset of social life ancestral worship is established in the white race. The great Ancestor becomes the god of the tribe. This is the beginning of religion.

But it is not all. Round the prophetess groups of old men form themselves; they keep watch over her in her lucid slumbering and prophetic ecstasy. They study her different states of mind, verify her revelations, and interpret her oracles. They notice that when she prophesies, in visionary state, her face becomes transfigured, her words are rhythmic, and the high-toned voice utters her oracles as she chants to a solemn melopæia[1] all pregnant with meaning. Hence arose verse and strophe, poetry and music, whose origin is re-

[1] All who have seen a real somnambulist have been struck by the singular intellectual exaltation produced in lucid sleep. For the benefit of such as have not witnessed such phenomena, and who might doubt their existence, we will quote a passage from the famous David Strauss, whom no one would suspect of being superstitious. When staying with his friend, Dr. Justinus Kerner, he saw the celebrated "seer of Prévorst," and describes her as follows: "Shortly afterwards, the visionary fell into a magnetic sleep. For the first time in my life I then had a sight of that wonderful condition, and that, I may say, in its finest and purest manifestation. The countenance assumed an expression of suffering, though of lofty tenderness, inundated, as it were, with celestial radiance; *the language was clear and measured, solemn and musical, a kind of recitative;* there overflowed an abundance of sentiments, which might be compared to masses of clouds, sometimes light, sometimes dark, gliding above the soul, or again *to melancholy, serene breezes swelling from the chords of a marvellous Æolian harp.*"—Translated by R. Lindau, *Biographie Générale*, art. "Kerner."

garded as divine by all nations of the Aryan race. The idea of revelation could only be produced from facts of this kind. We see, springing into being, religion and worship, priests and poetry, at one and the same time.

In Asia, especially in Persia and India, where people of the white race founded the first Aryan civilisations by intermarrying with nations of a different colour, men rapidly gained the ascendency over women in the matter of religious inspiration. There we no longer hear mention of any except sages, rishis and prophets. The woman, subjected and kept in the background, is no longer priestess except at the hearth. In Europe, however, traces of the preponderating *rôle* of woman are found in peoples of the same origin, who have remained barbarians for thousands of years. It breaks out in the Pythoness of Scandinavia, in the Völva, or Sibyl, of the Edda, in the Celtic druidesses, in the female soothsayers who accompanied the Germanic armies and decided the day on which battle was to be waged,[1] and even in the Thracian Bacchantes. The prehistoric seeress is found again in the Pythoness of Delphi.

[1] See the last battle between Ariovistus and Cæsar, in the *Commentaries* of the latter.

The primitive prophetesses of the white race were organised into colleges of druidesses, under the supervision of learned old men, or druids—the men of the oak. At first they were of great service and utility. By means of their intuition, their enthusiasm and power of divination, they gave a mighty impulse to the race which had only come to the beginning of its struggle with the blacks, a struggle destined to last several centuries. The rapid corruption of this institution, however, and the terrible abuses arising out of it, were inevitable. Feeling themselves mistresses of the destinies of the nations, the druidesses were determined at all costs to dominate them. Inspiration failing them, they endeavoured to rule by terror, exacting human sacrifices, which they made the essential element of their cult. In this they were favoured by the heroic instincts of the race. The whites were not lacking in courage, their warriors despised death, and at the very first appeal came along of their own accord and in a spirit of bravado to cast themselves down beneath the knife of the bloodthirsty priestesses. In human hecatombs the living were despatched as messengers to the dead, and in this way, it was believed, the favours of the ancestors would be obtained. This perpetual menace

hanging over the heads of the chiefs, through the utterances of the prophetesses and druids, became a formidable instrument of domination in their hands.

Such is the perversion which the noblest instincts of human nature must submit to, unless they are mastered by a wise authority, directed towards good by a higher consciousness. When abandoned to the hazard of ambition and personal passion, inspiration degenerates into superstition ; courage into ferocity ; the sublime idea of sacrifice into an instrument of tyranny, a treacherous, cruel exploitation.

The white race, however, was only in its infancy, though a violent and foolish one ; it had other and more sanguinary crises to pass through. Now it was roused by the attacks of the black race, which was beginning to invade it in the south of Europe. Unequal was the struggle at the outset, for the whites, half-savage, issuing from their forests and lake-side dwellings, had no other resources than their spears, their bows, and stone-pointed arrows. The blacks had iron weapons, brass armour, the entire resources of an ingenious civilisation and their Cyclopean cities. Defeated from the very outset, the whites, carried away into captivity, were at first made slaves to the blacks,

who forced them to break stones and carry mineral ore to their ovens. All the same, escaped captives brought back into their own land the customs and arts, and fragments of the science, of their conquerors. From the blacks they learned two important things: the casting of metals and sacred writing, *i.e.* the art of fixing certain ideas by means of mysterious and hieroglyphic signs on to the skins of beasts, stone, or the bark of the ash. Thus were discovered the runes of the Celts. Forged and molten metal was the instrument of war; sacred writing was the origin of science and religious tradition. From the Pyrenees to the Caucasus, from the Caucasus to the Himalayas, the struggle raged for many centuries between the white race and the black. Their forests formed the salvation of the whites, for in them they could hide like wild beasts, ready to bound forth when the moment was propitious. From century to century they became more bold and inured to war, until finally they took their revenge, overthrew the cities of the blacks, drove them from the coasts of Europe, and in their turn invaded the north of Africa and Central Asia, then occupied by black tribes.

The mixture of the two races was brought about in two different ways—by peaceful coloni-

sation or by warlike conquest. Fabre d'Olivet, that wonderful seer of the prehistoric past of humanity, starts from this idea in an attempt to throw light on the origin of the so-called Semitic and Aryan nations. Wherever the white colonists submitted to the black nations, accepting their rule and receiving religious initiation from their priests, there, in all probability, appeared the Semitic nations, such as the Egyptians before Menes, Arabs, Phœnicians, Chaldæans and Jews. The Aryan civilisations, on the other hand, were formed where the whites must have ruled over the blacks either by war or by conquest, as, for instance, the Iranians, the Hindus, Greeks and Etruscans. It must be added that, in this naming of the Aryan peoples, we also include all the white nations which remained in a barbarian, nomadic condition in ancient times, such as the Scythians, the Getæ, the Sarmatæ, the Celts, and, later on, the Germanic tribes. This would explain the fundamental diversity of both religion and writing in these two great categories of nations. Among the Semites where the intellectuality of the black race originally dominated, apart from the idolatry of the people, there is to be noticed a tendency to monotheism —the principle of the unity of the concealed,

absolute, and formless God having been one of the essential dogmas of the priests of the black race and of their secret initiation. Among the conquering whites, or those who remained of pure blood, there is noticed, on the contrary, a tendency to polytheism, to mythology, the personification of divinity, springing from their love for nature and their passionate worship of ancestors.

The main difference between the manner of writing of the Semites and that of the Aryans could be explained in like manner. Why do all Semitic nations write from right to left, and all Aryan nations from left to right? The reason given by Fabre d'Olivet is as curious as it is original. It evokes before us a veritable vision of this lost past.

It is well known that in prehistoric times writing was unknown to the masses of the people. This knowledge became spread among them only through phonetic writing, or the art of shaping by means of letters the very sounds of the words. Hieroglyphic writing, however, or the art of representing things by any signs whatever, is as old as human civilisation. In these primitive times it was always the privilege of the priesthood; for it was regarded as something sacred, a religious function, and originally as a divine inspira-

tion. When, in the southern hemisphere, the priests of the black or southern race traced their mysterious signs on skins of beasts or tables of stones, they were in the habit of turning towards the South Pole ; the hand went in the direction of the East, the source of light. Accordingly, they wrote from right to left. The priests of the white or north race learned writing from the black priests, and began by writing like them. But when there had developed in them the sentiment of their origin, along with national consciousness and racial pride, they invented signs of their own, and, instead of turning to the South, the country of the blacks, they faced the North, the country of their ancestors, continuing to write in the direction of the East. Accordingly their characters ran from left to right. Hence the direction of the Celtic runes, of Zend, Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, and all the writings of Aryan races. They run in the direction of the sun, the source of all earthly life ; but they look to the North, land of their ancestors, mysterious source of celestial dawns.

The Semitic and the Aryan currents are the two streams along which all our ideas, mythologies, and religions, our arts, sciences, and philosophies have come to us. Each of these currents bears

with it an opposite conception of life, the reconciliation and balance of which would be truth itself. The Semitic current contains the absolute and higher principles: the idea of unity and universality in the name of one supreme principle, which, in its application, leads to the unification of the human family. The Aryan current contains the idea of ascending evolution in all terrestrial and supra-terrestrial kingdoms, and in its application leads to an infinite diversity of development in the name of the wealth of nature and of the multiple aspirations of the soul. The Semitic genius descends from God to man; the Aryan reascends from man to God. The one is imaged as the justice-loving archangel who descends to earth, armed with the sword and the lightning-bolt; the other as Prometheus, holding in his hand the fire he has stolen from heaven, and encompassing Olympus with his far-reaching gaze.

Both the Semitic and the Aryan genius we bear in ourselves. In turn we think and act under the influence of the one or the other. In our intellectual life, however, they have become entangled, not fused into one. They contradict and combat each other in our inmost feelings and subtlest thoughts as well as in our social life and institutions. Concealed beneath multiple forms which

might be summed up under the generic names of spiritualism and naturalism, they dominate our struggles and our discussions. As both are invincible and irreconcilable, who is to unite them? All the same, the progress and salvation of mankind depend on their synthesis and conciliation. It is for this reason that, in this book, we should like to go back to the very source and birth of the two currents. Beyond the conflicts of history, wars of cults and contradictions of sacred texts, we shall enter into the very consciousness of the founders and prophets who gave religions their initial impulse. These prophets received from above their profound intuition and inspiration, that living light which produces fruitful action. Yes, it was in them that the synthesis previously existed. In their successors the divine ray grows pale and dark, but it reappears and shines afresh every time a prophet, hero, or seer at any period of history returns to the source of his life. For the end can be perceived from the starting point alone; from the radiant sun is witnessed the course of the planets.

Such is revelation in history, as continuous, graduated, and many-formed as is nature, but identical in its origin, one like truth, unchangeable as God.

As we trace back the Semitic current, we come to Moses in Egypt, whose temples, according to Manethon, tradition traces back thirty thousand years. Along the Aryan current we come to India, where was developed the first great civilisation, resulting from the conquest of the white race. India and Egypt were two mighty mothers of religions. They possessed the secret of the great initiation. Into their sanctuaries we will enter.

Their traditions, however, bring us back to an earlier date still, at which both the Aryan and the Semitic genius appear united in pristine innocence and marvellous harmony. This is the primitive Aryan epoch. Thanks to the praiseworthy investigations of modern science, to comparative philology, mythology and ethnology, a glimpse may be obtained into this period. It is traced with patriarchal simplicity and a splendid purity of outline in the Vedic hymns, which, however, form only a reflection of it. A sober, virile age is this, resembling anything rather than the child-like golden age dreamed of by the poets. Grief and struggle are by no means absent from it, but men in those days possessed a confidence, strength, and sagacity they have never since regained.

In India, thought is to become more profound, sentiment more refined. In Greece, passions and

ideas are to be enveloped with the prestige of art and the magic garment of beauty. But there is no poëtry which surpasses certain Vedic hymns in moral elevation, in intellectual breadth and height. In them is the feeling of the divine in nature, of the invisible all around, and of the great unity which penetrates the whole.

How did such a civilisation come to birth? How was so lofty an intellectuality developed in the midst of racial wars and the struggle against nature? At this stage the investigations and conjectures of contemporary science can proceed no further. The religious traditions of nations, however, esoterically interpreted, enable us to divine that the first concentration of the Aryan nucleus in Persia came about by a kind of selection, effected in the very heart of the white race under the guidance of a law-making conqueror, who gave his people a religion and law in conformity with the genius of the white race.

Indeed, the sacred book of the Persians, the *Zend-Avesta*, speaks of this legislator of old by the name of Yima, and Zoroaster, when founding a new religion, refers to this predecessor as the first man to whom Ormuzd, the living God, spoke; just as Jesus Christ refers to Moses. The Persian poet, Firdusi, names this same legislator Djem,

the conqueror of the blacks. In the Hindu epic poem, the *Ramayana*, he appears under the name of Rama, in the costume of an Indian king, surrounded with all the splendour of an advanced civilisation ; he keeps, however, his two distinctive characters as initiate and reforming conqueror.

In Egyptian traditions the period of Rama is designated by the reign of Osiris, the lord of light, preceding that of Isis, the queen of mysteries. Finally in Greece the hero, the demi-god of old, was honoured under the name of Dionysus, which comes from the Sanscrit *Deva Nahusha*, the divine renovator. Orpheus even gave this name to the divine Intelligence, and, according to the traditions of Eleusis, Nonnus, the poet, sang of the conquest of India by Dionysus.

Like radii of the same circle, all these traditions point to one common centre. By following the direction they take this centre may be reached. Then, over beyond the India of the Vedas, beyond the Persia of Zoroaster, in the twilight dawn of the white race, there may be seen, issuing from the forests of ancient Scythia, the first creator of the Aryan religion, girt with his double tiara as conqueror and initiate, and bearing in his hand the mystic sacred fire, which is to give light to all the races of the world.

To Fabre d'Olivet is due the honour of having brought back this personage to light[1]; he has cleared the luminous path leading thereto, and, by following the same road myself, I, in turn, will endeavour to call him forth.

[1] *Histoire philosophique du genre humain*, vol. i.

CHAPTER II

THE MISSION OF RAMA

FOUR or five thousand years before our era, dense forests still covered ancient Scythia, which stretched from the Atlantic Ocean to the polar seas. The blacks had called this continent, which they had seen spring into existence, isle after isle, the "wave-born land." What a contrast it made with their white sunburnt soil, this green-covered Europe, with its deep bays and dreamy streams, its sombre lakes and its eternal mists hovering above the mountain sides! In the untilled, grassy plains, broad as the pampas, could be heard scarcely anything but the cries of deer, the roaring of buffaloes, and the untamed galloping of great herds of wild horses as they sped by with flowing mane. The white man who lived in these forests was no longer the cave-man. He could already call himself master of his land, for he had invented knives and hatchets of flint, bows and arrows, slings and nets. Finally he had found two companions in his combats, two

excellent and incomparable friends, devoted unto death—the dog and the horse. The domestic dog, in becoming the faithful guardian of his wooden hut, had given him a feeling of security for his home. By taming the horse he had conquered the earth, subjected the rest of the animal creation to his sway, and become lord of space. Mounting their tawny horses, these red-haired men wheeled round and round like fiery flashes of lightning. They struck to earth the bear, the wolf, and the ure-ox, and filled with terror the panther and the lion, which in those early days prowled about our forests.

Civilisation had begun ; the rudimentary family, the clan and tribe were in existence. Everywhere the Scythians, sons of the Hyperboreans, raised monstrous *menhirs* to their ancestors.

When a chieftain died, his armour and horse were buried with him, so that the warrior, it was said, might ride the clouds and hunt the fire-dragon in the other world. Hence the custom of sacrificing the horse, which plays so important a *rôle* in the Vedas and among Scandinavian races. Religion thus began by the worship of ancestors.

The Semites found the one God, the universal Spirit, in the wilderness, on the tops of the

mountains, in the immensity of stellar space. The Scythians and Celts found the Gods, the multiple spirits, in the depths of their woods. There they heard voices and obtained the first faint glimpses of the Invisible, visions of the Beyond. This is the reason the forest depths, whether terrifying or enchanting, have remained dear to the white race. Attracted by the rustle of the leaves and the magic of the moon, they always come back to them, as the ages roll along, as to a spring of perennial youth, the temple of the great mother—the goddess Hertha. In them slumber their gods and loves, their long-lost mysteries.

In the most distant ages women seers prophesied beneath the trees. Each tribe had its great prophetess, like the Voluspa of the Scandinavians, and its college of druidesses. These women, however, at first filled with noble inspiration, had become ambitious and cruel. The kindly-disposed prophetesses had changed into maleficent magicians. They instituted human sacrifices, and the blood of the *herolls* never ceased flowing on the cromlechs, to the sinister chants of the priests, and the shouts and acclamations of the cruel, ferocious Scythians.

Among these priests was a young man in the prime of life, named Ram. Though destined to

enter the ranks of the priesthood, his contemplative, thoughtful mind revolted against this blood-stained worship.

The young druid was grave and gentle in disposition. He had at an early age shown a singular leaning towards a knowledge of plants, their wonderful virtues, and distilled, prepared juices, and quite as marked a tendency towards the study of the stars and their influences. He seemed to divine and actually to see things at a distance. Hence his precocious influence over the oldest among the druids. From his words —from his whole being—there emanated mingled greatness and benevolence. His wisdom formed a strange contrast with the folly of the druidesses, who shrieked out curses and uttered their ill-omened oracles in delirious convulsions. The druids had called him "the one who knows"; the people gave him the title of "the peace-inspired one."

All the same, Ram, who was ardently seeking after divine knowledge, had travelled throughout the whole of Scythia and the countries of the south. Won over by his personal knowledge and his modesty, the priests of the blacks had communicated to him a portion of their secret knowledge. On his return to the countries of the north,

Ram was amazed to find the worship of human sacrifices raging more and more among his people. He saw that this meant the ruin of his race. But how was he to combat a custom kept alive by the pride of the druidesses, the ambition of the druids, and the superstition of the people? Then another plague fell upon the whites, in which Ram believed he saw punishment from heaven falling on the sacrilegious cult. From their incursions into the countries of the south and their contact with the blacks, the whites had brought back a terrible disease, a kind of pestilence. It tainted and poisoned the blood, the very fountain of life. The whole body became covered with black spots, and the breath foul and tainted; the limbs, swollen and eaten away with ulcers, lost their wonted shape, and the sick man expired in terrible agony. Both the breath of the living and the odour of the dead helped to propagate the plague. Horror-stricken the whites died by thousands in their forests, which were now forsaken, even by birds of prey. Ram, in his sorrow and trouble, sought in vain for some way of saving the people.

It was a habit of his to meditate within a quiet glade at the foot of an oak-tree. One evening, after reflecting for a long time on the evils befalling

his race, he fell asleep at the foot of the tree. In his slumber he seemed to hear a loud voice calling him by name, and he imagined that he awoke. Then he saw standing before him a man of majestic build, clothed, like himself, with the white robe of the druids. He was carrying a wand round which a serpent was entwined. Astonished, Ram was on the point of asking the stranger what this meant, when the latter, taking him by the hand, raised him to his feet and showed him a beautiful branch of mistletoe on the very tree at whose foot he had been sleeping. "O Ram!" he said, "here is the remedy thou seekest." Then he drew from his bosom a small golden pruning-knife, cut off the branch and gave it to him. After murmuring a few words regarding the method of preparing the mistletoe, he disappeared.

Then Ram awoke and felt greatly comforted. A voice within told him that he had found salvation for the people, and he failed not to prepare the mistletoe according to the directions of the divine friend who bore the golden sickle. He gave a sick man the beverage to drink in some fermented liquor, and he was healed. The wonderful cures effected in this way made Ram famous throughout the whole of Scythia. He

was summoned everywhere to heal the sick. On being consulted by the druids of his tribe, he informed them of his discovery, adding that it was to remain the secret of the priestly caste, in order to insure its authority. The disciples of Ram travelled throughout Scythia, carrying with them branches of mistletoe. They were looked upon as divine messengers and their master as a demi-god.

This event was the origin of a new cult. From that time the mistletoe became a sacred plant. Ram consecrated its memory by instituting Nöel, Christmas, or the new salvation, which he set at the beginning of the year, and called the Night-Mother (of the new sun) or the great renovation. As for the mysterious being Ram had seen in the vision, and who had shown him the mistletoe, he was called, according to the esoteric tradition of the whites of Europe, *Aesc-heyl-hopa*, which means "the hope of healing (or salvation) is in the wood." The Greeks called him Asclepios, the genius of medicine, and he is represented as bearing in his hand the magic wand under the form of a caduceus.

Nevertheless Ram, "the peace-inspired one," had wider aspirations. He wished to heal his people of a moral scourge which was even worse

than pestilence. Being appointed chief of the priests of his tribe, he sent forth the order to all the colleges of druids and druidesses to put an end to human sacrifices. The command went right to the ocean, being joyfully welcomed by some and regarded as an outrageous sacrilege by others. The druidesses, whose power was threatened, began to utter curses against the bold innovator, to thunder out death sentences on his devoted head. Many of the druids, who saw their only means of power in human sacrifices, arrayed themselves on their side. Ram, extolled by one mighty party, was execrated by the other. Instead of bending before the storm, however, he increased it by proclaiming a new symbol.

At that time each white tribe had its rallying sign in the form of an animal, symbolising its favourite qualities. Some of the chiefs nailed cranes, eagles, and vultures, others the heads of boars and buffaloes, on to the timber-work of their wooden palaces ; the origin of the coat-of-arms. Now, the favourite standard of the Scythians was the bull, which they called Thor, the sign of brute force and violence. Against the bull, Ram set up the ram, the courageous and peace-loving head of the flock, making of it the rallying sign of all his followers. This standard,

erected in the centre of Scythia, became the signal for a general upheaval, a veritable revolution in the people's minds. The white nations were divided into two camps. The very soul of the race split in two, in order to free itself from rampant animality and mount the first step of the invisible sanctuary leading to divine humanity. "Death to the ram!" exclaimed the partisans of Thor. "War on the bull!" replied the friends of Ram. A formidable conflict was imminent.

Before such a possibility Ram hesitated. Would he not be increasing the evil and forcing his race to destroy itself, were he to let loose the hounds of war? At this stage he had another dream.

The stormy sky was heavy with black clouds, galloping over the mountains and sweeping the wind-tossed tops of the trees in their flight. Standing on a rock was a woman, her hair streaming in disarray down her back, on the point of striking to the ground a proud strong warrior, lying bound before her. "In the name of the Ancestors, stop!" exclaimed Ram, springing forth. The druidess stood up against her opponent, giving him a piercing glance, sharp as the point of a dagger. The thunder rolled along the heavy clouds, and there, in a flash

of lightning, appeared a dazzling form. The forest became pale, the druidess fell, struck to the ground, and the chains of the captive being now broken, he turned his eyes on the shining giant with a gesture of defiance. Ram trembled not, for in the features of the vision he recognised the divine being who had already spoken to him beneath the oak. This time he seemed to him more beautiful, for the whole of his body shone with light. Ram saw that he was in an open, wide-columned temple. On the spot where the sacrificial stone had been, there now rose an altar. Close by stood the warrior, whose eyes still shot forth a challenge against death. The woman lay there on the stone floor, apparently dead. The celestial genius, bearing a torch in his right hand and a goblet in his left, smiled benevolently, and said: "I am well pleased with thee, Ram. Dost thou see this torch? It is the sacred fire of the divine Spirit. And this goblet? It is the goblet of Life and Love. Give the torch to the man and the goblet to the woman." Ram did as his genius commanded. No sooner was the torch in the hands of the man and the goblet in those of the woman than the fire lit of itself on the altar, and in its light they both shone forth transfigured as the divine Bridegroom and Bride.

At the same time the temple increased in grandeur and size ; its columns ascended to heaven, and its vault became the firmament. Then Ram, carried away by his dream, saw himself transported to the summit of a mountain beneath the starry sky. Standing by his side, his genius explained the meaning of the constellations and enabled him to read the destiny of mankind in the flaming signs of the zodiac.

" Marvellous Spirit, who art thou ?" said Rama to his genius. The genius replied: " I am called Deva Nahusha, divine Intelligence. Thou shalt shed the beam of my light over the earth, and I will always come at thy call. Now, go thy way!" And the genius raised his hand, and pointed in the direction of the East.

CHAPTER III

THE EXODUS AND THE CONQUEST

In this dream Ram saw, as though by a lightning flash, his mission and the great destiny of his race. He hesitated no longer. Instead of kindling war between the tribes of Europe, he determined to lead away the *élite* of his race into the very heart of Asia. He announced to his friends that he would institute the worship of the sacred fire, which would compass the happiness of mankind ; that human sacrifices should be for ever abolished ; that the Ancestors should no longer be invoked by bloodthirsty priestesses on wild rocks and crags dripping with human gore, but on every hearth, by husband and wife joining in one common prayer, one hymn of worship, close by the purifying fire. Yes, the visible fire of the altar—symbol and guide of the invisible fire of heaven—should unite family, clan, tribe, and all the nations ; for it would be on earth a centre of the living God. To reap such a harvest, however, the wheat must be separated from the tares,

and every one who had the courage must prepare to leave Europe and conquer a new land, a virgin soil. There he would establish his laws and found the cult of the purifying fire.

This proposition was enthusiastically received by a nation which was young and eager for adventure. Fires, kept lit for several months on the mountains, were the signal for the emigration *en masse* of all who wished to follow the Ram. The formidable emigration, directed by this great shepherd of the people, was gradually set in motion and made its way towards the centre of Asia. Along the Caucasus it had to capture several Cyclopean fortresses of the blacks. In memory of these victories, the white colonies later on carved gigantic rams' heads in the rocks of the Caucasus. Ram proved himself worthy of his lofty mission. He smoothed all difficulties, read people's thoughts, and foresaw the future; he healed the sick, put down revolts, and raised the courage of all. Thus the powers of heaven we call Providence willed the domination of the northern race throughout the world, and, by means of the genius of Ram, cast beams of light upon its path. This race had already had its inspired ones to rescue it from a state of savagery. But Ram, the first to conceive of social law as

an expression of divine law, was a direct initiate and one of the first rank.

He made friends with the Turanians, old Scythian tribes with an admixture of yellow blood who occupied Upper Asia, and carried them off to the conquest of Persia, out of which he completely drove the blacks, for he wished a people of pure white race to inhabit the centre of Asia and become an arena of light for all the rest. There he founded Ver—"a splendid city," Zoroaster called it. He taught them to till the ground and plant seeds; he was the father of corn and the vine. Castes he created according to occupation, dividing the people into priests, warriors, artisans, and tillers of the land. At first there was no rivalry in the castes; the hereditary privilege, a source of hatred and jealousy, was not introduced until a later date. He forbade slavery as strongly as murder, affirming that the subjection of man by man was the origin of all evils. As for the clan, the primitive grouping of the white race, he kept it as it was and allowed it to choose its own chiefs and judges.

Ram's great work, the civilising instrument *par excellence* which he created, was the new *rôle* he gave to woman. Hitherto man had known woman only in a double aspect, either as the

wretched slave of his hut, whom he brutally ill-treated and kept in subjection, or as the disturbing priestess of the oak and the rock, whose favours he sought. In spite of himself, she dominated him, for she was a fascinating and terrible magician, whose oracles he dreaded, before whom his superstitious soul trembled with terror. The human sacrifice was the woman's revenge on man, when she plunged her knife into the heart of her fierce tyrant. By proscribing this frightful cult and raising woman in man's eyes with reference to her divine functions as mother and wife, Ram made her the priestess of the hearth, guardian of the sacred fire, invoking with her husband, as his equal, the soul of the Ancestors.

Like all great legislators then Ram developed the superior instincts of his race by organising them. To adorn and embellish life, he appointed four great festivals during the course of the year. The first was that of spring or generation ; it was consecrated to the love of bridegroom and bride. That of summer or of the harvest belonged to the sons and daughters, who offered to their parents the sheaves they had garnered. The autumn festival was in honour of the fathers and mothers, who then

gave fruit to their children, in token of rejoicing. The most sacred and mysterious of all was that of Yule-tide, or the great seed-sowing. This Ram consecrated to new-born children, to the offspring of love conceived in spring-time, and to the souls of the dead—the Ancestors. A union of the visible with the invisible, this religious solemnity formed at once the farewell to souls that had departed, and mystic salvation to those which return to be incarnated in mothers and born again in children. On that holy night the Aryans of old met in the sanctuaries of the Aïryana-Vaeïa, as they had formerly done in their forests. With torch and song they celebrated the return of the terrestrial and solar year, the germination of Nature in the depth of winter, the thrill of life in the midst of death. They chanted the universal kiss that heaven gives to earth and the triumphant birth of the new Sun from the mighty Night-Mother.

In this way Ram linked the life of mankind with the cycle of the seasons, the revolutions of the constellations. At the same time he brought out its divine meaning. Because he founded such fruitful institutions, Zoroaster called him "the chief of the nations, the blessed monarch." This is why Valmiki, the Hindu poet, who brings

down the hero of old to a much more recent period, amid all the luxury of an advanced civilisation, gives us so lofty an ideal of him. "Rama, with his lotus-blue eyes," says Valmiki, "was the lord of the world, the master of its soul and the love of men, the father and mother of his subjects. *He bound all beings with the chain of love.*"

Established in Persia, at the foot of the Himalayas, the white race was not yet mistress of the world. Its vanguard had still to penetrate into India, the principal centre of the blacks, former conquerors of the red and yellow races. The *Zend-Avesta* speaks of this march into India; the Hindu epopee makes it one of its favourite themes.[1] Rama was the conqueror of the land

[1] It is remarkable that the *Zend-Avesta*, the sacred book of the Parsees, whilst considering Zoroaster to be inspired by Ormuzd and the prophet of the law of God, at the same time states that he is the successor of a prophet far more ancient. Beneath the symbolism of the temples of old may be found the thread of that great revelation to humanity which binds true initiates to one another. The following is an important passage:—

"1. Zarathustra (Zoroaster) asked of Ahura-Mazda (Ormuzd, the God of light): Ahura-Mazda, holy and sacred creator of all corporeal beings, exceeding pure;

"2. Who was the first man with whom thou didst hold converse, thou who art Ahura-Mazda? . . .

"4. Then Ahura-Mazda replied: 'With beautiful Yima, who was at the head of a company worthy of all praise, O pure Zarathustra.' . . .

"13. And I said to him: 'Watch over the worlds that are mine, make them fertile in thy capacity as protector.' . . .

enclosed by the Himavat, the abode of elephants, tigers, and gazelles. He commanded the first attack in this gigantic struggle, in which two races were unconsciously disputing for the sceptre of the world. The poetical tradition of India, going beyond the occult traditions of the temples, makes of it the struggle between black and white magic. In the war against the peoples and kings of the country of the Djambous, Ram, as he was then called, or Rama, as the Orientals called him, employed methods apparently miraculous, because they are beyond the ordinary powers of humanity; methods which great initiates owe to the knowledge and manipulation of the hidden forces of Nature. Tradition at one time represents him as causing a spring of water to gush forth in the desert; at another finding unexpected qualities in a kind of manna, of which he taught his followers the use; then again, causing an epidemic to cease by means of a plant called *hom*, the *amomos* of the Greeks, the *persea* of the Egyptians, from which

"17. And I brought him the arms of victory, I, who am Ahura-Mazda:

"18. A lance and a spear of gold. . . .

"31. Then Yima rose to the stars in the south on the path of the sun. . . .

"37. He proceeded over this earth which he had made fertile. It was one-third larger than before. . . .

"43. And the shining Yima assembled the most virtuous men in the famous Airyana-Vaeïa, pure-created."—*Vendidad-Sadé*, *2nd Fargard*.

he extracted a health-giving juice. This plant became sacred in the eyes of his followers, and replaced the mistletoe of the oak, which has been retained by the Celts of Europe.

Rama made use of all kinds of magic spells against his enemies. The priests of the blacks no longer reigned except by the most unworthy of cults. In their temples they were in the habit of feeding and tending enormous serpents and pterodactyls, rare survivals of antediluvian animals, which terrified the masses of the people, who were made to worship them as gods. They gave these serpents the flesh of prisoners to eat. Rama would sometimes appear unexpectedly in these temples with torches in his hands, driving away and filling with terrified awe both priests and serpents. Then again, he would appear in the enemy's camp, exposing himself unarmed in the presence of those who sought after his death, and depart without any one daring to touch him. When those who had allowed him to escape were questioned, they replied that, when they met his gaze, they had felt petrified with fear ; or else, whilst he was speaking, a mountain of brass had come between them and they had ceased to see him. Finally, to crown his work, the epic tradition of India attributes to Rama the conquest of Ceylon, the final refuge of

the black magician Ravana, on whom the white magician rained down a hail of fire, after flinging a bridge over an arm of the sea, aided by an army of apes, resembling some primitive tribe of bimane savages filled with zeal and enthusiasm by this mighty charmer of the nations.

CHAPTER IV

THE TESTAMENT OF THE GREAT ANCESTOR

By his might, his genius, and his kindness, say the sacred books of the East, Rama had become master of India and spiritual king of the earth. Priests, kings, and nations bowed down before him as before a heavenly benefactor. Under the sign of the ram his emissaries spread afar the Aryan law which proclaimed equality between victors and vanquished, the abolition of human sacrifices and of slavery, the respect for woman in the home, ancestral worship, and the institution of the sacred fire, the visible symbol of the nameless God.

Rama had grown old; his beard was now white as snow, but strength had not left his body, and the majesty of the high priests of truth adorned his brow. The kings and envoys of the nations offered him supreme power. He asked permission to reflect on the matter for a whole year, and again he had a dream. The genius who inspired him spoke to him in his sleep.

He appeared to be once more in the forests of his youthful days. He was again young, and wore the linen robe of the Druids. The moon was shining. It was the holy night, the Night-Mother, when the nations await the rebirth of both sun and year. Rama was walking beneath the oaks, listening, as he was wont to do long ago, to the voices of the forest calling to him. A beautiful woman appeared before him wearing a magnificent crown. Her fawn-coloured hair shone like gold, her skin was white as snow, whilst the glorious depths of her eyes were blue as the azure vault of heaven after a storm. She said to him: "I was the wild druidess, and now I have become thy radiant spouse. My name is Sita. I am woman glorified by thee. I am the white race, thy bride. Oh, my master and king! Was it not for me that thou didst cross rivers, charm nations, and depose kings? Here is thy reward. Take this crown from my hand, place it on thy head, and reign with me over the world!" In humble, submissive attitude she had knelt down offering Rama the empire of the earth. Her precious gems flashed forth a thousand rays, and the mad frenzy of love smiled in the woman's eyes. The soul of the great Rama, the shepherd of the nations, was stirred by the sight. Suddenly there

appeared before him Deva Nahusha, his genius, above the forest trees saying: "If thou placest this crown on thy head, divine Intelligence will depart from thee; thou wilt behold me no more. If thou takest this woman to thy arms, she will die of thy happiness. But if thou renouncest possession of her, she will live on earth, happy and free, and thy invisible spirit will reign over her. Choose: either to listen to her or to follow me." Sita, still kneeling before her master, her eyes brimming over with love, awaited the reply in suppliant attitude. For a moment Rama was silent. His eyes, fastened on those of Sita, measured the abyss separating complete possession from an eternal adieu. Then, feeling supreme love to be supreme renunciation, he placed his liberating hand on the forehead of the white woman, and said as he blessed her: "Adieu! Be free, and do not forget me!" Immediately the woman disappeared like a lunar phantom. Newborn Dawn waved her magic wand over the ancient forest. The king had become old once again. Tears trickled down his white beard, and from the depths of the wood a sad voice was heard calling: "Rama! Rama!"

Then Deva Nahusha, the genius, resplendent with light, called out: "Come to me!" And

the divine Spirit carried off Rama to the summit of a mountain on the north of the Himalayas.

After this dream, informing him that his mission was accomplished, Rama gathered together the kings and envoys of the peoples and said to them: "I have no desire for the supreme power you offer me. Keep your crowns and observe my laws. My task is now over, and I must withdraw for ever with my brother initiates to the summit of a mountain of the Aïryana-Vaeïa. There I shall guard and protect you. Keep watch over the divine fire! Were it by any chance to die out, I should come back to you as a terrible judge and avenger!" Thereupon he withdrew with his disciples to a retreat known to initiates alone, on Mount Albori, between Balk and Bamyan. Here he taught his followers what he knew of the secrets of the earth and of the great Being. They went into distant lands, to Egypt and even to Occitania, bearing the sacred fire, symbol of the divine unity of things, and the horns of the ram, emblem of the Aryan religion. These horns became the insignia of initiation and consequently of sacerdotal and regal power.[1] From afar Rama

[1] Ram's horns are found on the heads of many persons in Egyptian monuments. This head-dress of kings and high priests is the sign of sacerdotal and regal initiation. It is the origin of the two horns of the papal tiara.

continued to watch over his people and the white race so dear to him. The last few years of his life were spent in establishing the calendar of the Aryans. It is to him we are indebted for the signs of the zodiac. This was the testament of the patriarch of the initiates—a strange book, written with stars, in celestial hieroglyphs, on the fathomless, boundless firmament, by the Ancient of Days of our race. In establishing the twelve signs of the zodiac Rama attributed to them a threefold meaning. The first related to the influence of the sun during the twelve months of the year; the second related, in some way, his own history; whilst the third indicated the occult methods he made use of to attain his object. This is the reason these signs, when read in the inverse order, become later on the secret emblems of progressive initiation.[1] He ordered his disciples

[1] The following is the manner in which the signs of the zodiac represent the history of Ram, according to Fabre d'Olivet, that great thinker who was able to interpret the symbols of the past esoterically: 1. *The Ram*, fleeing with its head turned backwards, indicates the situation of Rama, when leaving his fatherland, his eyes fixed on the country he is quitting. 2. *The Bull* violently opposes his progress, but the half of his body, plunged in slime and mud, prevents him from following out his plan; he falls on his knees. This represents the Celts—as is shown by their own symbol—who, in spite of their efforts, finally submit. 3. *The Heavenly Twins* indicate the alliance made between Rama and the Turanians. 4. *The Crab*, his meditations and self-examinations. 5. *The Lion*, his battles against his enemies. 6. *The winged Virgin*, victory. 7. *The Scales*, equality between victors

to conceal his death and continue his work by perpetuating their fraternity. For centuries the nations believed that Rama, wearing the tiara with its ram's horns, was still living in his holy mountain. In Vedic times the Great-Ancestor became Yama, the judge of the dead, the Hermes psychopompos of the Hindus.

and vanquished. 8. *The Scorpion*, revolt and treason. 9. *The Archer*, the revenge he obtains therefrom. 10. *The He-goat;* 11. *The Water-bearer;* and 12. *The Fish*, refer to the moral part of his history. This explanation of the zodiac may be regarded as audacious as it is strange. Still, up to the present, no astronomer or mythologist has, after such a lapse of time, explained to us either the origin or the meaning of these mysterious signs on the chart of heaven, adopted and revered by many peoples and nations since the beginning of our Aryan cycle. The hypothesis of Fabre d'Olivet has at any rate the merit of opening out before the mind's eye new and vast perspectives. I have already said that these signs, when read in the inverse order later on in Greece and the East, marked the different stages to be mounted in order to attain to supreme initiation. I will refer merely to the best known of these emblems: The *winged Virgin* signified the chastity which gives victory; the *Lion*, moral strength; the *Heavenly Twins*, the union of a man and a divine spirit, who together form two invincible wrestlers; the *Bull*, now tamed, mastery over Nature; the *Ram*, the asterism or constellation of Fire or of the universal Spirit, conferring supreme initiation by the knowledge of Truth.

CHAPTER V

THE VEDIC RELIGION

By his organising genius the great initiator of the Aryans had established in the centre of Asia, in Iran, a people, a living society, which was destined to spread in every direction. Colonies of the primitive Aryans spread throughout Asia and Europe, introducing everywhere their customs, cults and gods. Of all these colonies, the branch of the Aryans of India forms the nearest approach to the primitive Aryans.

The Vedas, the sacred books of the Hindus, have a threefold value for us. First, they bring us to the very origin of the ancient undefiled Aryan religion which has given us the Vedic hymns ; then they offer us the key to India ; finally, they show us the first crystallisation of the root ideas of esoteric teaching and of all the Aryan religions.[1]

[1] The Brahmans looked upon the Vedas as their sacred books *par excellence*. In them they found the science of sciences. The very word *Veda* means *knowledge*. A kind of fascination has rightly attracted the savants of Europe to these texts. At first they sa

Let us limit ourselves to a brief outline both of the shell and of the kernel of the Vedic religion.

Nothing could be simpler or grander than this religion wherein profound naturalism is allied with the most transcendent spiritualism. Before day-break a man, head of the family, is standing in front of an altar of earth on which the fire, kindled with two pieces of wood, is burning. By his very function this chief is at the same time father, priest, and king of the sacrifice. Whilst Aurora is removing her veil, "like a woman leaving her bath, after weaving her most beautiful robe," says a Vedic poet, the chief utters a prayer, an invocation to Usha (the Dawn), to Savitri (the Sun), and to the Asuras (spirits of life). The mother and sons pour out the fermented liquor of the asclepia, *soma*, into *Agni*, the fire. The leaping flame carries away to the invisible gods the purified prayer as it rises from the lips of the patriarch and the heart of the family.

The state of soul manifested by the Vedic poet

nothing in them except patriarchal poetry; then they discovered not only the origin of the great Indo-European myths and of our classic gods, but also a cleverly organised cult, a profoundly religious and metaphysical system (see Bergaigne, *La Religion des Védas*, and also the fine, illuminative work of M. Auguste Barth, *Les Religions de l'Inde*). It may be that the future is reserving for us a final surprise, that of discovering in the Vedas the definition of the occult forces of Nature which modern science is on the point of rediscovering.

is alike far distant from Hellenic sensualism (I am speaking of the popular cults of Greece, not of the doctrine of the Greek initiates), which represents the cosmic gods as possessed of handsome human bodies, and from the Judaic monotheism which worships the formless, omnipresent Eternal. In the mind of the Vedic poet Nature resembles a transparent veil behind which move imponderable, divine forces. It is these forces he invokes, worships, and personifies, without, however, being the victim of his metaphors. To him Savitri is not so much the sun as Vivasvat, the creative power of life which animates it and brings into being the Solar system. Indra, the divine warrior, who crosses the heavens in his golden chariot, hurls the thunder-bolt and rends the clouds asunder, personifies the power of this same sun in atmospheric life, in "the mighty transparency of the air." When they invoke Varuna (the Ouranos of the Greeks), the god of the immense luminous heaven which embraces all things, the Vedic poets rise still higher. "If Indra represents the active militant life of the sky, Varuna represents its unchanging majesty. There is nothing to equal the magnificent description given of him in the hymns. The sun is his eye, the heaven his garment, the tempest his breath. He

it is who established heaven and earth on foundations that cannot be shaken, and who keeps them separate and distinct. He has made, and now preserves, everything in its place. Nothing could injure the works of Varuna. None can approach him, but he knows and sees all that is and that will be. From the heights of heaven, where he dwells in a palace, approached by a thousand gates, he distinguishes the flight of birds through the air, the course of the vessels as they plough through the waves. From his golden throne, with its foundations of brass, he looks down and judges the deeds of men. He maintains order throughout the universe and in human society; he punishes the guilty, but is full of compassion to the repentant sinner. To him rises the despairing cry of remorse; before him the guilty man unburdens himself of the weight of his sin. In other directions the Vedic religion is ritualistic, at times highly speculative. With Varuna it descends into the depths of consciousness and realises the notion of holiness."[1] Let us add, that it rises to the pure idea of the one God, who enters into and rules the great All.

All the same, the magnificent images these hymns roll out before us in broad, sounding

[1] A. Barth, *Les Religions de l'Inde.*

waves show us nothing but the outer covering of the Vedas. With the idea of Agni, the divine fire, we touch the very heart of the doctrine, its transcendent esoteric foundation. In fact, Agni is the cosmic agent, the universal principle *par excellence*. "He is not only the terrestrial fire of sun and lightning; his real home is the mystic, invisible heaven, sojourn of eternal light, and of the first principles of all things. His births are infinite; whether he leap forth from the piece of wood in which he sleeps, like the embryo in the womb, or as 'Son of the Waves,' with the sound of thunder, he bursts from celestial rivers where the Aswins (heavenly horsemen) engendered him. He is the oldest of the gods, pontiff in heaven as on earth, and he officiated in the dwelling of Vivaswat (heaven or sun) long before Matariswan (lightning) brought him to mortals, and Atharvan and the Angiras, sacrificers of old, appointed him protector, host, and friend of mankind. Lord and generator of sacrifice, Agni becomes the bearer of all mystic speculations of which sacrifice is the object. *He begets the gods*, organises the world, produces and preserves the life of the universe; in a word, *he is cosmogonic power*.

"Soma is the counterpart of Agni; in reality,

it is the potion from a fermented plant poured out as an offering to the gods in sacrifice. Like Agni, it has a mystical existence. Its supreme abode is in the depths of the third heaven, where Surya, the daughter of the sun, filtered it, and Pushan, the foster-god, found it. From there the Falcon, a symbol of the lightning, or Agni himself stole it from the celestial Archer, the Gandharva, its guardian, and brought it to men. The gods drank it and became immortal, as men will become in turn when they drink it with Yama in the abode of the blessed. Meanwhile it gives them in this life strength and fulness of days ; it is both ambrosia and the water of eternal youth. It feeds and penetrates plants, vivifies the seed of animals, and gives aspiration to prayer. *The soul of heaven and earth, of Indra and of Vishnu, it forms along with Agni an inseparable couple, which gave light to the sun and to the stars.*"[1]

The notion of Agni and of Soma contains the two essential principles of the universe, according to both esoteric teaching and every living philosophy. Agni is the *Eternal-Masculine*, creative Intellect, pure Spirit ; Soma, the *Eternal-Feminine*, the soul of the world of ethereal substance, womb of all worlds, visible and invisible to mortal

[1] A. Barth, *Les Religions de l'Inde.*

sight—in a word, Nature, or subtile matter in its endless transformations.[1] Now the perfect union of these two beings constitutes the supreme Being, the essence of God.

From these two principal ideas springs a third, no less fruitful than the others. The Vedas look upon *the cosmogonic act as a perpetual sacrifice.* To produce all that exists the supreme Being immolates himself, divides himself to depart from his unity. This sacrifice is accordingly regarded as the vital point of every function in Nature. This idea, at first so surprising, though extremely profound on reflection, contains the germ of the whole theosophical teaching on the evolution of God in the world, the esoteric synthesis of both polytheism and monotheism. It is to give birth to the Dionysiac doctrine of the fall and the redemption of souls, which will expand and grow in Hermes and Orpheus. From that will spring into being the teaching of the divine Word proclaimed by Krishna, the Logos fulfilled by Jesus Christ.

Sacrifice by fire, with its ceremonies and

[1] What proves beyond the slightest doubt that *Soma* represented the absolute feminine principle is the fact that the Brahmans later on identified it with the moon. Now the moon symbolises the feminine principle in all ancient religions, just as the sun symbolises the masculine principle.

prayers, the immutable centre of the Vedic cult, thus becomes the image of this great cosmogonic act. The Vedas attach the utmost importance to the prayer, the formula of invocation accompanying the sacrifice. For this reason they make prayer unto a goddess, Brahmanaspati. Faith in the evoking and creative power of the human word, accompanied by the mighty urge of the soul or an intense projection of the will, is the origin of all cults, the reason of the Egyptian and Chaldean doctrine of magic. The Vedic and Brahmanic priest believed that the Asuras, the invisible lords, and the Pitris, or souls of the ancestors, sat around on the turf during the sacrifice, attracted by fire, song and prayer. The science relating to this aspect of the cult is that of the hierarchy of spirits of every order.

The immortality of the soul is affirmed as loftily and clearly as possible in the Vedas. "There is an immortal part of man; this it is, O Agni, that thou must warm with thy rays, enflame with thy fire. O Jatavedas, carry it across to the world of the godly in the glorified body thou hast formed. . . ." The Vedic poets not only indicate the destiny of the soul; they also concern themselves with its origin. "Where

is the soul born? There are some which come to us and return, which return and come back again." Here we have in a single sentence the whole doctrine of reincarnation, which is to play so large a part in Brahmanism and Buddhism, among the Egyptians and the followers of Orpheus, in the philosophy of Pythagoras and Plato, for it is the mystery of mysteries, the secret of secrets.

After this how can one help recognising in the Vedas the main lines of an organic religious system, a philosophical conception of the universe? Here we have not only profound intuition into intellectual truths, anterior and superior to observation, but, in addition, unity and breadth of view in the understanding of Nature and the co-ordination of her phenomena. Like a beautiful rock crystal, the consciousness of the Vedic poet reflects the sun of eternal truth, and in this brilliant prism already shine all the beams of a world-wide theosophy. The principles of the permanent teaching are even more visible here than in the other sacred books of India and the other Semitic or Aryan religions, by reason of the singular candour of the Vedic poets and the lofty pure transparency of this primitive religion. At this period no distinction

existed between the mysteries and the popular worship. On attentively reading the Vedas, however, behind the father of the family or the poet officiating over the hymns, there may already be seen another and a more important personage, the *rishi*, the initiate sage from whom he has received the truth. It is also seen that this truth has been transmitted by uninterrupted tradition which goes back to the very origin of the Aryan race.

So now we have the Aryan people launched forth on its conquering and civilising career all along the Indus and the Ganges. Deva Nahusha, the invisible genius of Rama, the intelligence of divine things, reigns over it, and Agni, the sacred fire, flows through its veins. A dewy dawn encircles this age, so youthful, strong, and virile. The family is now constituted, and woman an object of respect. Priestess at the hearth, she sometimes composes and sings the hymns herself. "May the husband of this wife live a hundred autumns!" says a poet. They love the present life, but also believe in the life beyond. The king lives in a castle on the small eminence which looks down upon the village. In war he mounts a glowing chariot, clad in glittering armour and wearing a tiara on his head; he shines like the god Indra.

Later on, when the Brahmans have firmly established their authority, there will be seen, rising near the glorious palace of the *Maharaja*, or great king, the stone pagoda, from which will issue divine art, poetry, and drama, imitated and sung by sacred dancing girls. For the time being, castes exist, though they have no absolute, no hard and fast, rules. The warrior is a priest and the priest a warrior, or, more frequently, officiating servant of the chief or the king.

And now we are presented with a person, poor in appearance though with a mighty future before him. With unkempt hair and beard, half-naked, covered with red rags, this solitary *muni* lives near the sacred lakes, in wild fastnesses, where he gives himself up to meditation and the ascetic life. He shows himself from time to time, coming to admonish king or chief. Often is he sent away and disobeyed, though everywhere he is respected and feared. Already the power he wields is a formidable one.

Desperate and long will be the struggle between this king on his golden chariot, surrounded by his warriors on every hand, and the *muni*, almost naked, whose only armour consists of his thoughts, words, and looks. And the redoubtable con-

queror will not be the king ; it will be the solitary hermit, the thin, wasted mendicant, for with him will be knowledge and the might of will.

The history of this struggle is the history of Brahmanism itself, just as, later on, it is that of Buddhism ; in it almost the whole of the history of India is summed up.

MOSES

(THE MISSION OF ISRAEL)

There was nothing concealed from him, and he covered over with a veil the essence of all he had seen.

(*Words inscribed beneath the statue of Phtahmer, high priest of Memphis*—the Louvre Museum.)

The most difficult and obscure of sacred books, *Genesis*, contains as many secrets as words, and every word conceals several.

Saint Jerome.

Child of the past and big with the future, this book (the first ten chapters of *Genesis*), heir of the whole science of the Egyptians, yet contains the germs of future sciences. All that is most profound and mysterious in Nature, all the wonders the spirit can conceive of, and whatever in intelligence is most sublime, that it possesses.

FABRE D'OLIVET, *La langue hébraïque restituée* (*Discours préliminaire*).

MOSES

CHAPTER I

THE MONOTHEISTIC TRADITION AND THE PATRIARCHS OF THE WILDERNESS

REVELATION is as old as conscious humanity. The offspring of inspiration, it dates back into the night of time. One only needs to look carefully into the sacred books of Iran, India, and Egypt to see that the original ideas of esoteric teaching constitute its hidden, though deep-rooted, basis. In them may be found the invisible soul, the generating principle of these great religions. All powerful initiators have, at some time of their life, caught a glimpse of the radiance of the inner truth ; but the light from it has been broken up and coloured according to their genius and mission, time and place. With Rama we have passed through the Aryan initiation, with Krishna the Brahmanic, and that of Isis and Osiris with the priests of Thebes. After this shall we deny that the immaterial principle of the supreme God,

which constitutes the essential dogma of monotheism and the unity of Nature, was unknown to the Brahmans and the priests of Amen-Rā? Doubtless they did not bring the world into existence by an instantaneous act, at the caprice of divinity, as do our elementary theologians; but wisely and gradually, along the pathway of emanation and evolution, they drew the visible out of the invisible, the universe out of the unfathomable depths of God. The male and female duality came from the primitive unity, the living trinity of man and the universe from the creative duality, and so on. The sacred numbers constituted the eternal word, the rhythm and instrument of divinity. Contemplated with a greater or less degree of lucidity and power, they call up in the mind of the initiate the internal structure of the world, through his own; just as a correct note produced by a bow from a glass covered with sand sketches out in miniature the harmonious forms of the vibrations which fill with their sound-waves the vast kingdom of the air.

But the esoteric monotheism of Egypt never left the sanctuaries. Its sacred science remained the privilege of a small minority. The enemies from without began to batter in and breach this ancient bulwark of civilisation. At the period

we have now reached, the twelfth century before Christ, Asia was plunging more and more into the cult of matter. India was already marching fast to a condition of decadence. A powerful empire had arisen on the banks of the Euphrates and the Ganges. Babylon, that monstrous and colossal city, filled with wonder and amaze the nomadic nations all around. The kings of Assyria proclaimed themselves monarchs of the four regions of the world; it was their ambition to have the boundaries of the world as the only limits of their empire. They trampled on nations, carried them off in multitudes, enlisted them into service, and let them loose upon one another. Neither human respect, the right of nations, nor religious principle, but an unbridled personal ambition, such was the law of the successors of Ninus and Semiramis. Profound was the science of the Chaldæan priests, though far less pure, lofty, and effective than that of the Egyptian priests. In Egypt science held supreme sway. The priesthood there always exercised sovereign power over royalty. The Pharaohs remained its pupils, never becoming hateful despots like the kings of Babylon. In Babylon, on the other hand, the priesthood was trampled under foot, being nothing but an instrument in the hands of the tyrants from

the very beginning. In a bas-relief of Nineveh may be seen Nimrod—a sturdy giant, strangling in his powerful arms a young lion which he holds clasped to his breast. A speaking symbol, for thus did the monarchs of Assyria strangle the Iranian lion, the heroic people of Zoroaster, murdering his pontiffs and magi, and levying heavy contributions on his kings. If the *rishis* of India and the priests of Egypt in their wisdom allowed Providence in some degree to reign over the land, one might in the same way say that the reign of Babylon was that of Destiny, *i.e.* of blind, brute force. Babylon thus became the tyrannical centre of universal anarchy; the steady, fixed eye of the social storm which was enveloping Asia in its vortex; the redoubtable eye of Destiny ever open, keeping watch over the nations to destroy them.

What could Egypt do against the invading torrent? Even now had the Hyksos almost been carried away by it. Valiantly did she resist, but she could not hold out for ever. Another six centuries and the Persian cyclone, following on the Babylonian, was on the point of sweeping away her temples and her Pharaohs. Though Egypt possessed the genius of initiation and preservation to the highest degree, she never had

that of expansion and propagandism. Were the accumulated treasures of her science now to be lost? Certainly the greater part of them were buried, and when the Alexandrians came they could unearth nothing but fragments. Nevertheless, two nations of opposite genius lit their torches at her sanctuaries, torches with differing beams. One of them illumines the furthermost stretches of the heavens, whilst the other lights up and transfigures the earth: Israel and Greece.

The importance of the people of Israel in the history of mankind is immediately apparent, for two reasons. The first is that this people represented monotheism; the second, that it gave birth to Christianity. The providential object of the mission of Israel, however, appears only to him who, opening the symbols of the Old and the New Testament, perceives that they contain the whole esoteric tradition of the past, though in a form often impaired—especially so far as the Old Testament is concerned—by the numerous editors and translators, most of whom were ignorant of the original meaning. The part played by Israel becomes evident, for this people forms the necessary link between the old and the new cycle—between East and West. The consequence of the monotheistic idea is the unification of mankind

under one God and one law. So long, however, as theologians form a childish idea of God and men of science either ignore or purely and simply deny Him, the moral, social, and religious unity of our planet will be nothing more than a pious desire or a postulate of religion and science, which are incapable of realising this unity. On the other hand, it appears possible when there is esoterically and scientifically recognised in the divine principle, the key to the world and to life, to man and to society in their evolution. Finally Christianity, *i.e.* the religion of Christ, itself only appears in its true loftiness and universality when it unveils its esoteric treasures. Then only does it show itself as the resultant of all that has preceded it, as containing in itself the origin and end of, as well as the methods for effecting, the total regeneration of mankind. Only by opening up to us its final mysteries will it become what it is in reality: the religion of promise and performance, *i.e.* of a world-wide initiation.

Moses, an Egyptian initiate and priest of Osiris, was beyond all doubt the organiser of monotheism. Through him this principle, hitherto concealed beneath the triple veil of the mysteries, issued from the recesses of the temple and entered into the domain of history. Moses was bold

enough to turn the loftiest principle of initiation into the sole dogma of a national religion, and yet so prudent that he revealed its consequences to none but a small number of initiates, imposing it on the masses by fear. In this the prophet of Sinai had evidently far-sighted views which looked beyond the destinies of his own people. The universal religion of mankind was the true mission of Israel, a mission few Jews, except their greatest Prophets, have understood. The accomplishment of this mission took for granted the absorption of the nation representing it. The Jewish people is scattered and destroyed, but the idea of Moses and of the Prophets has survived and grown. Developed and transfigured by Christianity, adopted by Islam, though on a lower mode, it had to impose itself on the barbarous West and react on Asia itself. Henceforth, however humanity may revolt and be harassed by internal strife, it will revolve round this central idea, like the nebula round the sun which organises it. Such was the formidable task assumed by Moses.

For this undertaking, the most colossal one there had ever been since the prehistoric exodus of the Aryans, Moses found an instrument ready at hand in the tribes of the Hebrews, especially in

those which were settled in Egypt in the valley of Goshen, living there in slavery under the name of Beni-Jacob. For the establishment of a monotheistic religion he had also had forerunners in those peaceful nomadic kings mentioned in the Bible: Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

Let us glance for a moment at these Hebrews and patriarchs. Afterwards we will give an outline of their great Prophet, with the desert mirages and the gloomy nights of Sinai as a background; the thunder of the legendary Jehovah making itself heard on every side.

These Ibrim, indefatigable nomads and eternal exiles, had been known for centuries, for thousands of years.[1] Brothers of the Arabs, the Hebrews, like all Semites, were the offspring of an ancient mixture of the white and black races. They had been seen passing to and fro in the north of Africa under the name of Bodones (Bedouins); without either shelter or bed, they would pitch their movable tents in the mighty deserts between the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, the Euphrates and Palestine. These travellers, whether Ammonites, Elamites, or Edomites, all resembled one another. The ass or

[1] *Ibrim* means "those of the other side, those from beyond, who have crossed the stream."—Renan, *Histoire du peuple d'Israël.*

camel served them as vehicles, their tent as a house, whilst their sole property consisted of cattle wandering to and fro like themselves, ever browsing on the land of others. Like their ancestors, the Ghiborim, like the early Celts, these untamed tribes hated carved stones, fortified towns, stone temples, and drudgery. All the same, the monster cities of Babylon and Nineveh, with their gigantic palaces, their debauchery and mystery, exercised an invincible fascination over the semi-savages. Beguiled into these stone prisons, captured by the soldiers of the kings of Assyria and enlisted into their armies, they would at times plunge into all the orgies of Babylon. Then again the Israelites allowed themselves to be led astray by the women of Moab, who boldly seduced them with their ebony skins and flashing eyes. They led them away to worship idols of stone and wood, and even to offer sacrifice to cruel Moloch. Then suddenly they would make their escape, the desire for the wilderness again upon them.

On returning to the bleak lowlands, where nothing is to be heard but the roaring of wild beasts, to the wide-stretching desert sands, where the stars were their only guides, cowering before the cold light of those heavenly bodies which their

ancestors had worshipped, feelings of shame came upon them. If a patriarch, an inspired Prophet, then spoke to them of the One God, of Elohim, of Sabaoth, the God of Hosts who sees everything and punishes the guilty, these grown-up children, wild and bloodthirsty, bowed their heads, knelt down in prayer, and allowed themselves to be led away like sheep.

By degrees this idea of the great Elohim, the one, all-powerful god, filled their soul, just as in Padan-Aram in the twilight the unevenness of the ground fades away beneath the endless line of the horizon, colours and distances are drowned beneath the glorious expanse of heaven, and the universe changed into one single mass of darkness, surmounted by a scintillating sphere of stars.

Who were the patriarchs? Abram, Abraham, or father Orham was a king of Ur, a town of Chaldæa, near Babylon. In Assyrian tradition he is represented as seated in an armchair, benevolent in aspect.[1] This ancient personage, who has passed into the mythological history of all peoples, for Ovid quotes him,[2] is the very same the Bible represents to us as emigrating

[1] Renan, *Peuple d'Israël.*

[2] *Rexit Achaemenias pater Orchamus, isque*
Septimus a prisco numeratur origine Belo.
—*Metam.* 4, 212.

from the land of Ur into the land of Canaan at the voice of the Eternal: "The Eternal said unto him: I am the Almighty God; walk before me and be thou perfect. . . . I will establish my covenant between me and thee and thy seed after thee in their generations for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee and to thy seed after thee" (Gen. xvii. 1, 7). This passage, translated into the language of the present day, signifies that a very ancient Semite chief, named Abraham, who had probably received the Chaldæan initiation, felt impelled by the voice within to conduct his tribe towards the West, and that he imposed on it the worship of Elohim.

The name Isaac, in its prefix Is, seems to point to an Egyptian initiation, whilst those of Jacob and Joseph might indicate a Phœnician origin. At all events the three patriarchs were probably three chiefs of different tribes, who lived at distant periods from one another. Long after Moses, the Israelite legend grouped them into a single family. Isaac became the son of Abraham, Jacob the son of Isaac. This way of representing the intellectual by the physical paternity was greatly in vogue in ancient priesthoods. From this legendary genealogy there arises one important fact: the filiation of the monotheistic cult through the patriarch

initiates of the desert. That these men may have had inner warnings, spiritual revelations under the form of dreams or even of visions in waking consciousness, is in no way opposed to esoteric science or to the universal psychic law which governs souls and worlds. These facts, in the Bible narrative, have assumed the naïve form of the visits of angels, who have been entertained for a time beneath the tents.

Had these patriarchs profound insight into the spirituality of God and the religious ends of humanity? Doubtless they had. Though inferior in positive science to the magi of Chaldæa and the Egyptian priests, they probably surpassed them in moral elevation and in that breadth of soul induced by a wandering, free life. The sublime order which Elohim causes to reign throughout the universe, they express in social life, in family worship, respect for their wives, passionate love for their sons, protection for the whole of the tribe, and hospitality towards strangers. In a word, they are the natural arbiters between families and tribes. Their patriarchal staff is a sceptre of righteousness. They exercise a civilising authority and breathe the very spirit of gentleness and peace. Here and there the esoteric thought may be seen to

pierce through the patriarchal legend. At Bethel, for instance, Jacob in a dream sees a ladder with Elohim at the top and angels ascending and descending. Here may be recognised a popular Judaic abridged form of the vision of Hermes and of the doctrine of the ascending and descending evolution of souls.

A historical fact of the utmost importance regarding the epoch at which the patriarchs lived finally appears in two illuminating verses. A meeting took place between Abraham and a brother initiate. After making war on the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah, Abraham goes to pay homage to Melchisedek. This king was living in the stronghold which is to be Jerusalem at a later date. "Melchisedek, king of Salem, brought forth bread and wine; for he was the priest of Elohim, the most high God. And he blessed Abram, saying: Blessed be Abram by Elohim, the most high God, possessor of heaven and earth" (Gen. xiv. 18, 19). Here, accordingly, we have a king who is high priest of the same God as Abraham's. The latter regards him as a superior, a master, and receives the communion from him under the elements of bread and wine, in the name of Elohim; in ancient Egypt a sign of communion amongst initiates.

Accordingly, there existed a bond of fraternity, signs of recognition, and a common aim amongst all the worshippers of Elohim, from the centre of Chaldæa right into Palestine and perhaps into some of the sanctuaries of Egypt.

This monotheistic conspiracy was only waiting for an organiser. And so, between the winged Bull of Assyria and the Sphinx of Egypt, which from afar look over the wilderness; between a crushing tyranny and the impenetrable mystery of initiation, the elect tribes of the Abramites, the Jacobelites, and the Beni-Israel advance. They flee from the shameless festivals of Babylon, they turn aside as they pass before the orgies of Moab, the horrors of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the monstrous worship of Baal. Under the protection of the patriarchs the caravan follows its oasis-marked route, dotted with springs here and there and slender palm-trees. Like a long string it dies away in the immensity of the desert beneath the burning rays of the sun and the purple mantle of the twilight. Neither cattle nor women nor old men know the object of this eternal journey; they advance at the doleful, resigned pace of the camels. Where are they going on this never-ending march? The patriarchs will know; for Moses is to tell them.

CHAPTER II

INITIATION OF MOSES IN EGYPT—HIS FLIGHT TO JETHRO

RAMESES II. was one of the great monarchs of Egypt. His son was named Menephtah. According to Egyptian custom, he received his education from the priests in the temple of Amen-Rā at Memphis, the royal art being at that time considered a branch of the sacerdotal. Menephtah was a timid young man, inquisitive, and of ordinary intelligence. He had a love—by no means enlightened—for occult science, which later on made him the victim of inferior magicians and astrologers. His companion in study was a young man of a retiring, strange, and harsh nature.

Osarsiph[1] was Menephtah's cousin, the son of the princess royal, sister of Rameses II. Whether he was an adopted or a natural son has never been known. Osarsiph was, above all else, the child of the temple between whose columns he

[1] The first Egyptian name of Moses (Manethon, quoted by Philo).

had grown up. Dedicated to Isis and Osiris by his mother, from his early youth he had been a Levite at the coronation of the Pharaoh, in the priestly processions of the great festivals, and carried the ephod, the chalice or the censers; afterwards he was seen inside the Temple, solemn and attentive, listening to the sacred music, the hymns, and the teachings of the priests.

Osarsiph was short of stature; he had a quiet, thoughtful air and a forehead like a ram's, with piercing black eyes, fixed and keen as an eagle's. He had been called "the silent," so concentrated was he, scarcely ever uttering a word. Often did he falter when he spoke, as though seeking for words or afraid to utter his thoughts. Though apparently timid, suddenly, like a thunder-clap, a terrible idea would burst out in a single word, leaving behind a flash of light. Then it was seen that if ever "the silent one" began to act he would be astonishingly bold. Already the furrowed brow betokened one predestined to some heavy task; about his eyes there seemed to hover a threatening cloud.[1]

[1] The Biblical account (Exodus ii. 1–10) makes of Moses a Jew of the tribe of Levi, found by Pharaoh's daughter among the reeds of the Nile, placed there by the mother's cunning to touch the heart of the princess, and save the child from a persecution similar to that of Herod. On the other hand, Manethon, the Egyptian priest,

Women feared the eye of this young Levite, unfathomable as the tomb, whilst his countenance was as impassive as the door of the temple of Isis. One would have said they had a presentiment that an enemy of the gentle sex was present in this future representative of the male principle in religion in its most absolute and intractable elements.

His mother, however, the princess royal, ardently hoped that her son might some day sit on the throne of the Pharaohs. Osarsiph was more intelligent than Menephtah; with the help of the priesthood, he might hope to usurp the kingdom. True, the Pharaohs appointed their successors from amongst their sons. Still the priests at times in the interests of the State would refuse to ratify

to whom we are indebted for the most authentic information regarding the dynasties of the Pharaohs, information now confirmed by the inscriptions on the monuments, affirms that Moses was a priest of Osiris. Strabo, who obtained his information from the same source, *i.e.* from the Egyptian priests, also bears witness to this fact. Here the Egyptian origin has more value than the Jewish, for the priests of Egypt had not the slightest interest in making Greeks or Romans believe that Moses belonged to their race, whilst the national *amour-propre* of the Jews compelled them to regard the founder of their nation as a man of the same blood with themselves. The Biblical narrative also recognises that Moses was brought up in Egypt and sent by his government as inspector of the Jews of Goshen. This is the important fact establishing the secret filiation between the Mosaic religion and Egyptian initiation. Clement of Alexandria believed that Moses was a profound initiate of the science of Egypt; indeed, the work of the creator of Israel would otherwise be incomprehensible.

the decree of the prince once he was dead. Often had they removed unworthy or feeble successors from the throne to give the sceptre to a royal initiate. Menephtah was already jealous of his cousin ; Rameses kept an eye upon him, for he distrusted the silent Levite.

One day Osarsiph's mother met her son in the Serapeum of Memphis, an immense place filled with obelisks, mausoleums, small and large temples, a kind of open-air museum of national glories approached along an avenue flanked by six hundred sphinxes. In the presence of his royal mother the Levite bowed to the ground, and, according to custom, waited for her to speak to him.

"Thou art about to enter into the mysteries of Isis and Osiris," she said to him. "For a long period I shall not see thee, my son. Do not forget, however, that thou art of the blood of the Pharaohs, and that I am thy mother. Look all around thee. . . . some day, if thou wilt . . . all this shall belong to thee!"

With a wave of her hand she pointed to the obelisks and temples, then to Memphis, and the wide-stretching horizon.

A disdainful smile passed over the countenance of Osarsiph, habitually as smooth and motionless as a bronze figure.

"Dost thou then wish me," he said, "to rule over this people which worships gods with heads of jackal, ibis and hyena? What will remain of all these idols after a few centuries?"

Osarsiph bent down, picked up a handful of fine sand, which he watched as it escaped through his slender fingers, before the eyes of his astonished mother: "No more than that," he added.

"Dost thou then despise the religion of our fathers and the science of our priests?"

"No, no; on the contrary, that is what I aspire to! But the pyramid is motionless; it must be made to move. I shall not be a Pharaoh; my home is far from here . . . away there . . . in the wilderness!"

"Osarsiph!" said the princess in tones of reproach, "wherefore dost thou blaspheme? It was a fiery wind which brought thee into my womb, and now I see clearly it is the tempest which is to carry thee away! Though I gave thee birth, I do not know thee! In the name of Osiris, who art thou, and what wilt thou do?"

"Do I even know myself? Osiris alone knows, perhaps he will reveal it to me. Give me thy blessing, my mother, that Isis may protect me and the land of Egypt be favourable to me."

Osarsiph knelt before his mother, respectfully crossed his hands over his breast, and bowed his head. Removing from her brow the lotus flower she wore there, as was the wont of the temple women, she gave it him to breathe in its perfume ; then, seeing that her son's thoughts would remain an eternal mystery to her, she stole away, murmuring a prayer.

Osarsiph passed triumphantly through the initiation of Isis. His unbending soul and iron will made light of the tests. Of a mathematical and all-comprehending mind, he showed a giant's intellect and understood the sacred numbers, the fertile symbolism and application of which were then almost endless. His mind, disdainful alike of things which exist only in appearance and of passing individuals, delighted only in immutable principles. From these heights he quietly and surely penetrated and dominated all, without manifesting either desire, revolt, or inquisitiveness.

Osarsiph had remained an enigma to his masters as well as to his mother. He was rigid and inflexible as an eternal principle : this was what terrified them most. They felt they could neither bend nor turn him aside from the path. He proceeded along his unknown way like a heavenly body in its invisible orbit. Membra,

the pontiff, wondered to what heights this self-concentrated ambition of his would rise. He determined to find out. One day Osarsiph, along with three other priests of Osiris, had been bearing the golden ark, which went before the pontiff on the occasion of important ceremonies. This ark contained the ten most secret books of the temple, dealing with magic and theurgy.

On returning to the sanctuary with Osarsiph, Membra said to him :—

"Thou art of royal lineage ; thy might and science are beyond thy years. What desirest thou ?"

"Nothing but this." As he spoke, Osarsiph laid his hand on the sacred ark, which the golden hawks were protecting with their shining wings.

"Then thou desirest to become pontiff of Amen-Rā and a prophet of Egypt ?"

"No, my desire is to know what there is in these books."

"How wilt thou obtain this knowledge, since no one but the pontiff is permitted to acquire it ?"

"Osiris speaks as he will, when he will, to whomsoever he will. What this ark contains is nothing but the dead letter. If the living Spirit wishes to speak to me, he will speak."

"And what dost thou intend to do to obtain this?"

"Wait and obey."

When these replies were related to Rameses II., they increased his mistrust. He dreaded lest Osarsiph should aspire to the rank of Pharaoh, to the prejudice of his own son, Menephtah. Consequently Pharaoh commanded that his sister's son should be appointed sacred scribe of the temple of Osiris. This important function included the language of symbols under all its forms—cosmography and astronomy; but then it removed him from the throne. The son of the royal princess gave himself up with the same zeal and absolute submission to his duties as chief scribe, to which was also attached the function of inspector of different *nomes*, or provinces, of Egypt.

Was Osarsiph as proud as he was alleged to be? Yes, if it is pride that makes the captive lion raise its head and look out on the horizon behind the bars of its cage, without even seeing the passers-by, who stare at him, wondering. Yes, if it is from pride that the eagle, tied down by a chain, feels a thrill pass over the whole of his plumage, and with outstretched neck and extended wings looks fixedly at the sun. Like

all strong men marked out for some great work, Osarsiph could not regard himself as subjected to some blind Destiny ; he felt that a mysterious Providence was keeping watch over him, leading him to a certain goal.

Whilst he was a sacred scribe, Osarsiph was sent to inspect the Delta. The Hebrews, tributaries of Egypt, who at that time dwelt in the valley of Goshen, were subjected to the roughest of tasks. Rameses II. was joining Pelusium to Heliopolis by a chain of fortresses. All the *nomes* of Egypt were to add their contingent of labourers to these gigantic works. The Beni-Israel had the hardest tasks of all ; for the most part they were hewers of stone and makers of bricks. Proud and independent, they did not bow so readily as did the natives beneath the blows of the Egyptian police, but murmured in revolt and sometimes returned blow for blow. The priest of Osiris could not help feeling secret sympathy with these "stiff-necked," intractable human beings, whose Elders, faithful to the tradition of Abraham, simply worshipped the one God ; who revered their chiefs, their *hags* and *zakens*, though they rebelled against the yoke of slavery and protested against injustice. One day he saw an Egyptian warder showering down blows on

a weaponless Hebrew. His heart leapt within him, and, flinging himself upon the Egyptian, he snatched from him his weapon and struck him dead. This act, committed in a burst of generous indignation, was the turning point of his life. The priests of Osiris who committed murder were severely judged by the sacerdotal college. Pharaoh already suspected that his sister's son was a usurper. The scribe's life hung by a mere thread. He preferred exile, wishing to impose on himself expiation for his crime. Everything impelled him towards the solitude of the wilderness, the immense unknown; his own desire, the presentiment of his mission, and, above all else, that inner, mysterious though irresistible voice which whispered from time to time: "Go! It is thy destiny!"

Beyond the Red Sea and the peninsula of Sinai, in the land of Midian, there was a temple which was not dependent on the Egyptian priesthood. This region extended like a green band between the gulf of Elam and the wilderness of Arabia. In the distance beyond an arm of the sea could be seen the sombre pile of Sinai and its bare summit. Locked in between the desert and the Red Sea, and protected by a shrub-covered volcano, this isolated country was

sheltered from invasion. The temple was consecrated to Osiris, but the sovereign God was also worshipped there under the name of Elohim. This sanctuary, Ethiopian in its origin, served as a religious centre for such Arabs, Semites, and men of the black race as sought after initiation. For centuries past, Sinai and Horeb had thus been the mystic centre of a monotheistic cult. The bare, wild grandeur of the mountain, as it rose in solitary isolation between Egypt and Arabia, called up the idea of the one God. Many pilgrims from amongst the Semites came there to worship Elohim. They would stay several days, fasting and praying, in the caves and passages dug out of the sides of Mount Sinai. Previously, they went for purification and instruction to the temple of Midian. It was in this spot that Osarsiph took refuge.

The high priest of Midian or the Raguel (God's overseer) was then called Jethro.[1] He was a dark-skinned man, belonging to the purest type of the ancient Ethiopian race, which had reigned over Egypt four or five thousand years before Rameses, and had not lost its tradition, which

[1] Exod. iii. 1. Later on (Num. xii. 1.), after the Exodus, Aaron and Miriam, brother and sister of Moses, according to the Bible, reproached him for having married an Ethiopian woman. Jethro, Zipporah's father, belonged accordingly to this race.

dated back to the oldest races on the globe. Jethro was neither inspired nor a man of action, but he was a great sage. His memory and the stone libraries of his temple were treasure-houses of science. Besides, he was the protector of the wandering tribes of the desert, the nomadic Semites, Libyans, and Arabs. With their vague aspirations after the one God, they represented something immutable in the midst of ephemeral cults and crumbling civilisations. In them could be felt, as it were, the presence of the Eternal, the memorial of long past ages, the mighty peace of Elohim. Jethro was the spiritual father of these free, untamed warriors ; he knew their soul, their real nature, and had a presentiment of their destiny. When Osarsiph came to ask shelter from him in the name of Osiris-Elohim, he welcomed him with open arms. Perhaps in this fugitive he immediately saw the man destined to become the prophet of the banished people, the leader of the children of God.

At first Osarsiph wished to subject himself to the expiation imposed on murderers by the law of the initiates. When a priest of Osiris had committed a murder, even an involuntary one, he was regarded as having lost the benefits of his

anticipated resurrection "in the light of Osiris," a privilege he had obtained through having successfully passed through the tests of initiation, and which placed him far above the generality of mankind. To expiate his crime and regain the inner light he must submit to severer tests and once more expose himself to death. After a lengthened fast, by the aid of certain beverages, the priest was plunged into a lethargic sleep and then deposited in a temple vault. There he remained for days, sometimes for weeks.[1] During this time he was supposed to journey into the Beyond, into Erebus or the region of the Amenti, in which move the souls of the dead which have not yet become detached from the atmosphere of earth. There he must seek out his victim, submit to his anguish and pain, obtain his pardon, and help him to find the path of light. Then only was he regarded as having expiated his murder, then only was his astral body purified from the dark stains with which the poisoned breath and the imprecations of the victim had polluted it. From this real or imaginary journey, however,

[1] Travellers of our own times have noted that Indian fakirs have had themselves buried after being plunged into a cataleptic sleep, stating the exact day on which they were to be unearthed. One of them, after three weeks' burial, was discovered to be alive, healthy and sound.

the guilty man might well not return, and often when the priests went to arouse the expiatist from his lethargic slumber they found nothing but a corpse.

Osarsiph unhesitatingly submitted to this test and to several others. The murder he had committed had enabled him to understand the immutable nature of certain moral laws and the deep torture their infraction leaves in the depths of conscience. With utmost abnegation he offered his being as a holocaust to Osiris, asking for strength if he returned to the light of earth, to show forth the law of justice. When Osarsiph came out of the awful sleep in the subterranean vault of the temple of Midian, he felt completely transformed. His past life had become separated from him, as it were, Egypt had ceased to be his home, and before him stretched the immense wilderness with its wandering nomads: a new field of action. He looked at the mountain of Elohim on the horizon and, for the first time, like a storm vision in the clouds of Sinai, the idea of his mission passed before his eyes. He must form of these wandering tribes a fighting people, to represent the law of the supreme God in the midst of the idolatry of cults and the anarchy of nations—a people which

should carry to future ages the truth sealed in the golden ark of initiation.

On that day, in order to mark the new era beginning in his life, Osarsiph assumed the name of Moses, signifying: "The saved." [1]

[1] The seven daughters of Jethro mentioned in the Bible (Exodus ii. 16–20) have evidently a symbolical meaning, as is the case with the whole of this narrative, which has reached us in a legendary and popular form. It is scarcely likely that the priest of a great temple would set his daughters to feed his flocks, and reduce an Egyptian priest to the *rôle* of a shepherd. Jethro's seven daughters symbolise seven virtues, which the initiate was forced to master if he would drink of the well of truth. In the story of Hagar and Ishmael this well is called "the well of the Living One who sees me."

CHAPTER III

THE SEPHER BERESHIT

MOSES married Zipporah, Jethro's daughter, and stayed for many years with the sage of Midian. Thanks to the Ethiopian and Chaldæan traditions he found in the temple, he was able to complete and verify what he had learned in the Egyptian sanctuaries, to extend a backward glance over the most ancient cycles of mankind, and by induction reach out into the distant horizons of the future. It was during his stay with Jethro that he found two books on cosmogony quoted in Genesis: *The Wars of Jehovah* and *The Generations of Adam*. Into the study of these he plunged with the utmost ardour.

His loins must be well girt for the work he was meditating. Before him, Rama, Krishna, Hermes, Zoroaster, and Fo-Hi had created religions for peoples; Moses determined to create a people for the eternal religion. A powerful foundation was needed for so bold, novel, and colossal a project. Moses therefore wrote his *Sepher Bereshit*, his *Book of Origins*, a concentrated

synthesis of the past and a framework of the future science ; key to the mysteries, torch of the initiates, rallying-point for the whole nation.

Let us try to see what Genesis meant in the mind of Moses. Here, indeed, it shed another light, embracing worlds far vaster than the childish world and the insignificant earth set forth in the Greek translation of the Bible, the Septuagint, or in the Latin translation of Saint Jerome, the Vulgate.

Present-day Biblical exegesis has popularised the idea that Genesis is not the work of Moses, that it is quite possible this prophet never existed, and is simply a legendary character, invented four or five years later by the Jewish priesthood, to give itself a divine origin. Modern criticism founds this opinion on the fact that Genesis consists of different fragments (Elohistic and Jehovistic) pieced together, and that its present form is at least four hundred years more recent than the time when Israel left the land of Egypt. The facts established by modern criticism, with reference to the time of publication of the facts we possess, are exact ; the conclusions drawn therefrom are arbitrary and illogical. Because the Elohistic and the Jehovistic writers produced their works four hundred years after the Exodus, it by no means follows that they were the in-

ventors of Genesis, and that they were not working from a previous—perhaps imperfectly-understood—document. Because the Pentateuch gives us a legendary account of the life of Moses, it does not follow that it contains no truth at all. Moses becomes a living force; the whole of his wonderful career is explained when we begin by placing him back again in his native surroundings—the solar temple of Memphis. Finally, even the profound meanings of Genesis can only be unfolded in the light of the torches snatched from the initiation of Isis and Osiris.

No religion is ever constituted without an initiator. The Judges, the Prophets, the whole history of Israel are proofs of Moses; even Jesus cannot be conceived of without him. Genesis contains the essence of the Mosaic tradition. Whatever transformations it may have undergone, the venerable mummy, beneath priestly wrappings and the dust of centuries, must contain the root idea, the living thought, the testament of the Prophet of Israel.

Israel gravitates round Moses as certainly and fatally as the earth turns round the sun. This being granted, however, it is quite another thing to discover the root ideas of Genesis—what it was that Moses wished to bequeath to posterity

in this secret testament of the Sepher Bereshit. The problem can only be solved from the esoteric point of view, and may be stated as follows:— In his capacity as Egyptian initiate, Moses must be at the summit of Egyptian science, which acknowledges, as does our own, the immutability of the laws of the universe, the development of the worlds by gradual evolution, and which had, besides, wide, precise and well-reasoned ideas as to the soul and invisible Nature. If such was the science of Moses—and how could it be otherwise with the priest of Osiris?—in what way is it to be reconciled with the childish ideas in Genesis regarding the creation of the world and the origin of man? Does not, perchance, this story of creation, which, interpreted literally, brings a smile to the face of a schoolboy in these days, conceal a profound symbolical meaning, and is there no key to open it? What is this meaning? Where is this key to be found?

It may be found (*a*) in Egyptian symbology; (*b*) in that of all the religions of the ancient cycle; (*c*) in the synthesis of the doctrine of the initiates, as resulting from comparison with esoteric teaching, from Vedic India to the Christian initiates of the early centuries.

The priests of Egypt, so say the Greek

authors, had three ways of expressing their thought. "The first was clear and simple, the second symbolical and figurative, the third sacred and hieroglyphic. The same word assumed, at their will, either the literal, the figurative, or the transcendental meaning. Such was the genius of their language. Heraclitus well expressed this difference when he designated this language as being *speaking*, *signifying*, and *concealing*." [1]

In the theogonic and cosmogonic sciences the Egyptian priests always employed the third method of writing. Their hieroglyphs had three corresponding and distinct meanings. The two latter could not be understood without a key. This enigmatical, concentrated method of writing itself depended upon a fundamental dogma of the teaching of Hermes, in accordance with which one same law governs the natural, the human, and the divine worlds. This language, wonderfully concise, unintelligible to the masses, could readily be understood by the adept; for, by means of a single sign it summoned forth origins, causes and effects which radiate out from divinity into blind nature, human consciousness, and the world of pure spirit. Thanks to this writing, the adept comprehended all three worlds at a single glance.

[1] Fabre d'Olivet, *Vers dorés de Pythagore.*

No one doubts, granted Moses' education, that he wrote Genesis in Egyptian hieroglyphs of three meanings. The keys and the oral explanation he confided to his successors. When, in Solomon's time, Genesis was translated into Phœnician characters; when, after the Babylonian captivity, Esdras wrote it in the Aramæan characters of the Chaldæans, the Jewish priesthood could no longer interpret these keys except very imperfectly. Finally, when we come to the Greek translators of the Bible, they had only a very faint idea of the esoteric meaning of the texts. Saint Jerome, notwithstanding his great intellect and the seriousness of his purpose, when he made his Latin translation from the Hebrew text, could not fathom the original meaning; and, had he done so, it would have been his duty not to divulge it. Accordingly, when we read Genesis in our translations, we obtain only the elementary, the inferior meaning. Whether they wish it or not, even expounders and theologians, orthodox or free-thinkers, understand the Hebrew text only through the *Vulgate*. The comparative and superlative meaning, the true one, escapes them. None the less does it remain mysteriously buried in the Hebrew text, whose roots go deep down, right into the sacred language of the temples—

a language remodelled by Moses, in which each vowel and consonant had a universal signification *en rapport* with the acoustic value of the letter and the mental condition of the man who uttered it. For such as are intuitive this profound meaning sometimes leaps forth, like a spark of fire, from the text; for such as are seers it shines in the phonetic structure of the words adopted or invented by Moses—magic syllables in which the initiate of Osiris framed his thought as bell-metal is shaped in a perfect mould. By the study of this phonetic science which bears the impress of the sacred language of ancient temples, by the keys with which we are supplied in the Kabbala, some of which date back to the times of Moses, and finally, by comparative esoterism, we are in a position at the present time to reconstitute and catch some glimpse of the real Genesis. Then the thought of Moses leaps forth, flashing like gold from the furnace of the centuries, the dross of an elementary theology and the ashes of negative criticism.[1]

[1] The true restorer of the cosmogony of Moses is a man of genius now almost forgotten, but one to whom France will do justice when esoteric, that is, integral and religious science comes to be rebuilt on its own indestructible foundations. Fabre d'Olivet could not be understood by his contemporaries, for he was a century in advance of his day. Universal in concept, he possessed in equal degree three qualities, the union of which creates transcendental intelligence: intui-

Two examples will suffice to throw light on what the sacred language of the ancient temples was, and how the three meanings correspond with one another in the symbols of Egypt and in those of Genesis. On innumerable Egyptian monu-

tion, analysis and synthesis. Born at Ganges (Hérault) in 1767, he took up the study of the mystical doctrines of the East, after having acquired a profound knowledge of the sciences, philosophies, and literatures of the West. Court de Gébelin, in his *Monde primitif*, opened up for him the first faint glimmerings on the mystical meaning of the myths of antiquity and on the sacred language of the temples. To initiate himself into the doctrines of the East, he learnt Chinese, Sanscrit, Arabic and Hebrew. In 1815 he published his principal work, *La Langue hébraïque restituée.* This book contains (*a*) an introductory dissertation on the origin of speech; (*b*) a Hebrew grammar founded on new principles; (*c*) Hebrew roots regarded in the light of etymological science; (*d*) a preliminary discourse; (*e*) a French and English translation of the first ten chapters of Genesis, containing the cosmogony of Moses. This translation is accompanied by a commentary of the deepest interest. Here I can do nothing more than sum up the principles and substance of this book, so full of revelation. It is penetrated with the most profound esoteric spirit and built up according to the most rigorous scientific method. The method Fabre d'Olivet employs, in order to enter into the inner meaning of the Hebrew text of Genesis, is a comparison of Hebrew with Arabic, Syriac, Aramæan and Chaldæan, *from the view-point of primitive and universal roots*, of which he supplies an admirable lexicon, grounded on examples from all languages—a lexicon capable of serving as a key to the sacred names in all nations. Of all esoteric books on the Old Testament, the one by d'Olivet affords the most trustworthy interpretations. In addition, it gives a luminous exposition of the history of the Bible and the apparent reasons for which its hidden meaning has become lost, and has, up to the present, been utterly ignored by official science and theology.

After speaking of this book, I will say a few words of another more recent work, the fruit of the former, and which, in addition to its own merit, possesses that of calling the attention of some independent seekers to its original inspirer. This book is the *Mission des Juifs*, by

ments may be seen a woman with a crown on her head, holding the *crux ansata*, the symbol of eternal life, in one hand, and in the other a sceptre in the form of a lotus flower, the symbol of initiation.

M. Saint-Yves d'Alveydre (1884, Calmann Lévy). M. Saint-Yves is indebted for his philosophical initiation to the books of Fabre d'Olivet. His interpretation of Genesis is essentially that of the *Langue hébraïque restituée*, his metaphysics are those of the *Vers dorés de Pythagore*, whilst his philosophy of history and the general framework of his book are borrowed from the *Histoire philosophique du genre humain.* Picking up these root-ideas, adding to them his own materials and pruning them at his own pleasure, he has constructed a new edifice of immense wealth and composite style, though of unequal worth. His object is a double one: to prove that the science and religion of Moses were the necessary resultant of the religious movements which preceded it in Asia and Egypt, on which problems Fabre d'Olivet in his works of genius had already thrown considerable light; and then to prove that ternary government by arbitration, consisting of the three powers, economical, judicial, and religious or scientific, has at all times been a corollary of the doctrines of the initiates and a constitutive part of the religions of the ancient cycle before Greece. Such is M. Saint-Yves' own idea—a fertile one and worthy of the profoundest attention. He calls it *synarchy;* in it he finds social, organic law, the sole hope of salvation for the future. This is not the place to examine how far the author has historically proved his thesis. M. Saint-Yves does not like to quote from what origins he obtains his information; he proceeds too often by simple affirmation and is not afraid of hazardous hypotheses, whenever they favour his preconceived idea. His book, however, of rare spiritual worth and immense esoteric knowledge, contains many pages of lofty inspiration and of novel, profound views. My ideas differ from his in many respects, especially in the conception of Moses, whom, in my opinion, M. Saint-Yves has set forth in too legendary and gigantic proportions. With this reserve, I gladly acknowledge the great value of this extraordinary book, to which I am largely indebted. Whatever be the opinion held regarding the work of M. Saint-Yves, it has one merit we must reverence, that of a whole life consecrated to one idea. See his *Mission des Souverains* and his *France vraie*, in which works M. Saint-Yves has rendered justice, though rather tardily and somewhat grudgingly, to his master, Fabre d'Olivet.

This is the goddess ISIS. Now Isis has three different meanings. In the positive mood it typifies Woman ; consequently the whole female sex. Comparatively it personifies the totality of terrestrial nature with all its powers of conception. Superlatively it symbolises celestial and invisible Nature, the element proper to souls and spirits, light, spiritual and intelligible in itself, which alone confers initiation. The symbol corresponding to Isis in the text of Genesis and in the Jewish-Christian mind is EVE, Heva, the eternal woman. This Eve is not only the wife of Adam, she is also the spouse of God. She constitutes three-quarters of his essence, for the name of the Eternal IEVE, which we have incorrectly called Jehovah and Javeh, is composed of the prefix *Jod* and the name of Eve. Once every year the high priest of Jerusalem uttered the divine name, spelling it out, letter by letter, in the following way : *Jod, hè, vau, hè*. The first expressed the divine thought[1] and the theogonic sciences ; the three letters in the name of Eve expressed the three orders of Nature,[2] the three worlds in which this thought is realised, and consequently the cosmogonic, psychical, and physical sciences corresponding thereto. The

[1] The *natura naturans* of Spinoza.
[2] The *natura naturata* of the same.

Ineffable contains in the depths of his being the masculine Eternal and the feminine Eternal. The indissoluble union of the two produces his power and his mystery. Moses, the sworn enemy of every image of divinity, did not tell this to the people, though he recorded it figuratively in the construction of the divine name, explaining it to his adepts. Thus Nature, veiled in the Judaic cult, lies concealed in the very name of God. Adam's spouse, the guilty and charming, though inquisitive woman, reveals to us her deep affinities with the terrestrial and divine Isis, the mother of the gods.[1]

Another example. A character playing a large part in the history of Adam and Eve is the serpent. In Genesis it is called Nâchâsh. Now, what did the serpent signify in the ancient temples? The

[1] The following is the manner in which Fabre d'Olivet explains the name of IEVE: "This name offers the sign indicating life, repeated, and forming the essentially living root EE (חח). This root is never used as a substantive, and is the only one which has this privilege. From its very foundation it is not only a verb, but the one verb, from which the rest are but derivatives; in a word, the verb הוה (EVE) *to be, being.* Here, as may be seen, and as I have taken care to explain in my grammar, the intelligible sign ו (Vau) is in the middle of the root of life. Moses, taking this verb *par excellence* to form from it the proper name or noun of the Being of beings, adds to it the sign of potential manifestation and of eternity י (I), and thus obtains יהוה (IEVE) in which the optional *being* is placed between a beginningless past and an endless future. Accordingly, this admirable name signifies exactly: the Being who is, who was, and who is to be.

mysteries of India, Egypt, and Greece reply in one voice: The serpent curled in a circle signifies universal life, whose magic agent is the astral light. In an even deeper meaning Nâchâsh signifies the force which sets this life in motion, the attraction of self for self, in which Geoffrey Saint-Hilaire saw the reason for universal gravitation. The Greeks called it Eros, Love or Desire. Now apply these two meanings to the story of Adam and Eve and the serpent, and you will see that the fall of the first couple, the famous original sin, suddenly becomes the mighty unrolling of the divine, universal Nature with its kingdoms, classes and species in the formidable and inevitable circle of life.

These two examples now enable us to cast a glance into the mysteries of the Mosaic Genesis. We have already obtained some idea as to what cosmogony was to an initiate of old, and what distinguished it from cosmogony in the modern sense of the word.

In modern science cosmogony is reduced to a cosmography. Therein is found the description of a portion of the visible universe, with an investigation into the linking together of physical causes and effects within a given sphere. It is, for instance, Laplace's system of the world,

in which the formation of our solar system is conjectured from its present working, and deduced to be nothing but matter in movement; hypothesis, pure and simple. Again it is the history of the earth, of which the superposed layers of soil are irrefutable witnesses. Ancient science was not ignorant of this development of the visible universe, and though it may have had regarding it less precise notions than modern science has, it had, all the same, intuitively formulated the general laws thereof.

This, however, to the sages of India and Egypt, was nothing but the outer aspect of the world, its reflex movement. They sought an explanation in its inner aspect, its direct, original movement, which they found in another order of laws revealing itself to our intelligence. To ancient science the boundless universe was not dead matter governed by mechanical laws, but a living whole, endowed with intelligence, soul and will. This great sacred animal had innumerable organs corresponding with its infinite faculties. As in the human body, movements are the result of the thinking soul, the acting will—so, in the eyes of the scientists of old, *the visible order of the universe was nothing but the reflection of an invisible order;* that is to say, of cosmogonic forces and spiritual

monads, kingdoms, genera, species which, through their perpetual *involution* into matter, produce the *evolution* of life. Instead of modern science considering only the outside, the shell of the universe, the object of science in the temples of old was to reveal the interior, to lay bare its concealed mechanism. Ancient science did not extract intelligence from matter, but rather matter from intelligence. It did not cause the universe to spring into being from the blind dance of atoms ; it generated atoms by vibrations of the universal soul. In a word, it proceeded in concentric circles from the universal to the particular, from the Invisible to the Visible, from pure Spirit to organised Substance, from God to man. This descending order of Forces and Souls, in inverse ratio to the ascending order of Life and Bodies, was ontology or the science of intelligible principles, and formed the foundation of cosmogony.

All the great initiations of India and Egypt, of Judæa and Greece ; those of Krishna and Hermes, of Moses and Orpheus, have been acquainted, under different forms, with this order of principles and powers, of souls and generations, coming down from the one first cause, the ineffable Father.

The descending order of incarnations is simul-

taneous with the ascending order of lives, and alone makes it understood. Involution produces evolution and explains it.

In Greece the male and Doric temples, those of Jupiter and Apollo—that at Delphi especially—were the only ones which were thoroughly acquainted with the descending order. The Ionic or feminine temples knew it only in imperfect fashion. As the entire Greek civilisation was Ionic, Doric science and the Doric order were more and more veiled by it. None the less is it certain that its greatest initiators, heroes, and philosophers, from Orpheus to Pythagoras, from Pythagoras to Plato, and from the latter to the Alexandrians, spring from this order. They all recognised Hermes as their master.

Let us now return to Genesis. In the mind of Moses, that other son of Hermes, the first ten chapters of Genesis constituted a veritable ontology, according to the order and filiation of principles. Everything that begins must have an end. Genesis relates both evolution in time and creation in eternity, the only one worthy of God.

I intend to offer in *Pythagoras* a living picture of esoteric theogony and cosmogony in a form less abstract than that of Moses and more in harmony with modern mentality. Notwithstand-

ing the polytheistic form and the extreme diversity of the symbols, the meaning of this Pythagorean cosmogony, according to Orphic initiation and the sanctuaries of Apollo, is, at bottom, identical with that of the prophet of Israel. In Pythagoras it is illumined, so to speak, by its natural complement: the doctrine of the soul and of its evolution. In the Greek sanctuaries it was taught under the symbols of the myth of Persephoné. It was called *the terrestrial and celestial story of Psyche.* This story, corresponding to what Christianity calls the *Redemption,* is altogether absent from the Old Testament. Not that Moses and the prophets were ignorant of it, but they regarded it as being too lofty a doctrine to be taught to the masses, so it was reserved for the oral tradition of the initiates. The divine Psyche is to remain so long concealed beneath the Hermetic symbols of Israel, only to be personified in the ethereal and luminous coming of the Christ.

The cosmogony of Moses possesses the stern conciseness of the Semitic and the mathematical precision of the Egyptian genius. The style of the narrative calls to mind the figures found inside the tombs of the kings ; in their dry, severe stiffness and rigid bareness they contain an impenetrable mystery. The *ensemble* makes

one think of a Cyclopean building; though here and there, like a torrent of lava between the giant rocks, the thought of Moses, as revealed in the thrilling verses of the translators, pours forth with all the impetuosity of fiery flame from a volcanic eruption. In the first few chapters, incomparable in their majesty, one feels the very life-breath of Elohim, as He turns over, one by one, the ponderous pages of the universe.

Before leaving them, let us cast one more glance at some of those powerful hieroglyphs composed by the prophet of Sinai. Like the door of a subterranean temple, each of them opens on to a gallery of occult truths, which, like motionless lamps, light up the series of worlds and times. Using the keys of initiation, we will endeavour to penetrate into the temple and see these strange symbols, these magic formulas in their power of evocation, as the initiate of Osiris saw them when they issued in fiery letters from the furnace of his mind.

In a crypt of the temple of Jethro, Moses is seated alone on a sarcophagus, plunged in meditation. Walls and pilasters are covered with hieroglyphs and paintings representing the names and figures of the gods of all the nations on earth. These symbols sum up the history of

vanished cycles and foretell future ones. A naphtha lamp, set on the ground, casts a faint glimmer on to these signs, each of which speaks to him its own language. No longer does he see anything of the outer world; within himself he seeks the Word of his book, the reflection of his work, Speech which is to become Action. The lamp has flickered out; but before his inner eye, in the darkness of the crypt, flashes forth the name—

IEVE.

The first letter "I" is of the white colour of light; the other three shine like a changing fire, glowing with all the colours of the rainbow. How strange the life hidden in these characters! In the first letter Moses perceives the masculine principle, Osiris, the creative Spirit *par excellence;* in Eve the faculty of conception, the celestial Isis who forms part thereof. Thus the divine faculties, which contain in potentiality all worlds, are unfolded and co-ordinated in the heart of God. By their perfect union the ineffable Father and Mother form the Son, the living Word who creates the universe. This is the mystery of mysteries, hidden from mortal sense, but speaking by the sign of the Eternal, as Spirit speaks to

Spirit. The sacred tetragram shines with ever intenser light. Moses sees the three worlds, all the kingdoms of Nature, and the sublime order of the sciences issue from it in giant flashes. Then his ardent gaze is fixed on the masculine sign of the creative Spirit. It he invokes in order to descend the order of creations and, from the sovereign will, to draw strength to accomplish his own creation, after contemplating the works of the Eternal.

And now, through the darkness of the crypt, there shines the other divine name:

ELOHIM.

This signifies to the initiate: *He—The Gods, the God of Gods.*[1] This is no longer Being, retiring within himself and into the Absolute, but the Lord of the worlds, whose thought expands in millions of stars, movable spheres of floating universes. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The heaven at first, however, was only the thought of boundless time and space, inhabited by silence and void. "And

[1] *Elohim* is the plural of *Elo*, the name given to the Supreme Being by the Hebrews and the Chaldæans, and itself derived from the root El, denoting elevation, strength, and expansive power, and signifying, in a universal sense, God. *Hoa*, i.e. *He*, is one of the sacred names for divinity in Hebrew, Chaldaic, Syriac, Ethiopian, and Arabic.—Fabre d'Olivet, *La langue hébraïque restituée.*

the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."[1] What is the first thing that will come forth? A sun? An earth? A nebula? Any substance whatever of the visible world? No. The first thing born therefrom was *Aour*, Light. But this light is not physical; it is intelligible light, born of the thrill of celestial Isis in the bosom of the Infinite; universal soul and astral light, substance which makes souls, from which they come forth as though of an ethereal fluid; subtle element by which thought is transmitted to endless distances; divine light, both previous and subsequent to that of all suns. First, it spreads out into the Infinite; it is the powerful respiration of God; then it comes back upon itself in an outburst of love, the deep aspiration of the Eternal. In the billows of the divine ether, the astral forms of worlds and beings quiver as though beneath a translucent veil. The Mage-Seer finds all this summed up in the words he

[1] "*Rouah Elohim*, the breath of God, indicates figuratively a movement in the direction of expansion or dilatation. In a hieroglyphic sense, it is the force opposed to that of darkness. And if the word *darkness* denotes a power of compression, the word *rouah* will denote a power of expansion. In both there will be found that eternal system of two opposing forces which sages and savants of every age, from Parmenides and Pythagoras down to Descartes and Newton, have seen in Nature and called by different names."—Fabre d'Olivet, *Langue hébraïque*.

utters, words which shine through the darkness in dazzling characters:

ROUA ELOHIM AOUR.[1]

"Let there be light, and there was light." The breath of Elohim is Light!

From the bosom of this primitive, immaterial light issue the first six days of Creation, *i.e.* the seeds, origins, forms, and living souls of all things. It is the Universe in potentiality, before the letter and according to the Spirit. And what is the last word of Creation, the formula which sums up Being in action, the living Word in which appears the first and last thought of absolute Being? It is

ADAM-EVE.

The *Man-Woman.*—This symbol by no means represents the first human couple on our earth, as the Churches teach and expositors believe, but God in action throughout the universe, and the

[1] *Breath, Elohim, Light.*—These three names are the hieroglyphic *résumé* of the second and third verses of Genesis. The Hebrew text of the third verse runs as follows in modern characters: *Wa, iaômer Aelohim iêhi-aoûr, wa iêhi aoûr.* Here is the literal translation given by Fabre d'Olivet: "And he said He the Being of beings shall be made light; and was made light." The word *r-ou-a*, meaning breath, is found in the second verse. It will be noticed that the word *a-ou-x*, meaning light, is *r-ou-a* reversed. The divine breath, returning upon itself, creates intelligible light.

type of the human race; universal humanity throughout all the heavens. "God created man in his own image; male and female created he him." This divine couple is the universal word by which IEVE manifests his own nature in the worlds. The sphere he first inhabits and which the powerful mind of Moses understands is not the garden of Eden, the legendary terrestrial paradise, but the boundless temporal sphere of Zoroaster, the upper earth of Plato, the universal celestial kingdom, Heden, Hadama, substance of all the earths. What is to be the evolution of humanity in time and space? This, in concentrated form, Moses considers in the story of the fall. In Genesis, Psyche, the human Soul, is called Aïsha, another name for Eve.[1] Its home is *Shamaïm*, heaven. There it lives happy and blessed in the divine ether, though devoid of knowledge of itself. It enjoys heaven without understanding it. To understand, it must first have forgotten and then remembered; to love, it must first have lost and then won back. Only by pain and the fall will it know and understand. And what a profound

[1] Gen. ii. 23. *Aïsha*, the Soul, here assimilated to Woman, is the spouse of *Aïsh*, the Intellect, assimilated to Man. She is taken from him, she constitutes his inseparable half, his volitional faculty. The same relation exists between Dionysus and Persephone in the Orphic mysteries.

and tragic fall, so different from the literal one we read of in our childish Bible! Attracted towards the dark gloomy abyss by desire for knowledge, Aïsha lets herself fall. . . . She ceases to be the pure soul, having only a sidereal body and living on the divine ether. She clothes herself with a material body and enters the circle of generations. Her incarnations are not one, but a hundred, a thousand, in bodies of denser and denser matter according to the constellations she inhabits. She descends from world to world . . . descends and forgets. . . . A dark veil covers her inner eye; obliterated is the divine consciousness, dimmed the memory of heaven in the dense tissue of matter. Pale as a lost hope, a faint memory of her lost happiness still shines within! From this ray of light she is to be reborn, to regenerate herself!

Yes, Aïsha still lives in these two nude beings lying defenceless in a wild, savage land, beneath a hostile, thunder-threatening sky. Paradise lost? There is the immensity of the veiled heavens, both behind and before her!

In such a light does Moses contemplate the generations of Adam in the world.[1] Then he

[1] In the Samaritan version of the Bible, to the name of Adam there s added the epithet, *universal* or *infinite*. Accordingly we are dealing with the human race, the kingdom of man in heaven.

considers the destinies of man on earth. He sees both the cycles that have passed and the present one. In the terrestrial Aïsha, the soul of humanity, the consciousness of God had, in past times, shone with the fire of Agni, in the land of Cush, on the slopes of the Himalayas.

And now we find Aïsha ready to fall away into idolatry, subjected to hellish passions and Assyrian tyranny, amongst troubled nations and jealous gods. Moses vows that he will arouse her by establishing the worship of Elohim.

Not only the individual man but also collective humanity must be of the image of IEVE. But where is to be found the nation which will incarnate him, and be the living Word of humanity?

Then Moses, having conceived his book and his work, and sought out the profound darkness of the human soul, declares war on terrestrial Eve, on corrupt and feeble nature. To combat and restore it, he invokes the Spirit, the primal, omnipotent Fire, IEVE, to whose source he has just ascended. He feels that its outbreathings inflame and temper him like steel. Will is its name.

And in the darkness and silence of the crypt, Moses hears a voice coming from out the depths of his consciousness. In light-like vibrations it says, "Go to the mountain of God, *even* to Horeb."

CHAPTER IV

THE VISION OF SINAI

A SOMBRE mass of granite, looking so bare and ravine-cleft beneath the shining sun that one might say it had been furrowed with lightning-flashes, and carved out by the thunder: such is the summit of Sinai, the throne of Elohim, say the children of the desert. Over against Sinai rise the peaks of Serbal, less lofty than the other, though also rugged and wild-looking. In its sides are deep caves and copper mines. Between the two mountains lies a dark valley, a chaos of stones, which the Arabs call Horeb, the Erebus of the Semitic legend. This vale of desolation is gloomy and dark, when night and the shadow of Sinai fall on it, and even gloomier still when the mountain is topped with a helmet of clouds darting forth sinister gleams. Then a terrible wind howls down the narrow gorge. There Elohim is said to overthrow such as attempt to resist him, and fling them into the abyss, into which fall torrents of rain. There, too, say the Midianites,

roam the malevolent shades of the giants, the *Refaïm*, who hurl down rocks on such as attempt to scale the sacred mount. Popular tradition also has it that the God of Sinai at times appears in the lightning flash, like a Medusa head, adorned with eagles' plumes. Woe to those who behold his countenance! Death is their portion.

Thus spoke the nomads to one another at night, beneath the tents, when their camels and wives lay wrapt in slumber. The truth was that only the boldest among Jethro's initiates ascended to the cave of Serbal, often spending several days in fasting and prayer. Sages from Idumea had found inspiration there. It was a spot associated from bygone ages with supernatural visions, with Elohim or spirits of light. No priest or hunter would ever have consented to conduct the pilgrim to it.

Moses had fearlessly mounted by the ravine of Horeb. With intrepid heart he had crossed the valley of death and its chaos of rocks. Like every human effort, initiation has its phases of humility and of pride. After climbing the sides of the holy mountain, he had reached the summit of pride, for he had attained to the height of human power, he already felt himself one with the supreme Being. The purple sun was shedding his ardent

rays over the volcanic pile of Sinai, and the violet shadows were spread about the valleys, when Moses found himself at the entrance to a cave, whose mouth was protected by a scanty growth of turpentine-trees. He was preparing to enter when he was almost blinded by a sudden flash of light enveloping him. It appeared to him that the ground was burning beneath his feet, and that the granite mountains had become changed into a sea of flame. At the entrance to the grotto an apparition of dazzling light looked down on him, barring the path with his sword. Moses sank with his face on the ground, thunderstruck. His pride was now wholly broken. The Angel's glance had pierced him with its light. Then, with that profound intuition which is aroused in a visionary state, he had understood that this being was about to impose on him a terrible task. He would have liked to escape his mission, and return underground like a vile worm.

But a voice was heard, saying, "Moses! Moses!" And he replied, "Here am I!"

"Draw not nigh hither; put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

Moses hid his face in his hands; he was afraid of meeting the Angel's gaze.

The Angel said to him: "Thou who seekest Elohim, wherefore tremblest thou before me?"

"Who art thou?"

"A ray of Elohim, a solar Angel, a messenger of Him who is now and will be hereafter."

"What dost thou command me to do?"

"Thou shalt say to the children of Israel: The Eternal, the God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob hath sent me to you, to bring you out of the land of slavery."

"Who am I that I should bring out the children of Israel from Egypt?"

"Go," said the Angel, "for I will be with thee. I will put the fire of Elohim into thine heart, and His word on thy lips. For forty years hast thou called upon Him, and thy voice has reached unto Him. See, I lay hold of thee in His name. Son of Elohim, thou art mine for ever."

Moses, emboldened, exclaimed: "Show me Elohim! Grant me to see His living fire!"

He raised his head, but the flaming sea had vanished; swift as lightning, the Angel had disappeared. The sun had gone down upon the extinct volcanoes of Sinai; a silence of death was over the vale of Horeb, and a voice which seemed to roll along the vaults of heaven, losing itself in the infinitude of space, said, "I am That I am."

Moses came out of this vision overwhelmed with awe. For a moment, he believed that his body had been burnt up in the fire of the ether. But his spirit was stronger. On descending to the temple of Jethro, he found himself ready for his work. His living idea went in front of him, like the Angel armed with the fiery sword.

CHAPTER V

THE EXODUS—THE WILDERNESS—MAGIC AND THEURGY

THE plan of Moses was one of the most extraordinary and audacious that have ever been conceived by mortal mind. To rescue a people from the yoke of so powerful a nation as Egypt; to lead them to the conquest of a country occupied by hostile and better-armed populations; to drag them on for ten, twenty, forty years in the wilderness, devoured by thirst and wasted by hunger; to see them harassed, like high-spirited steeds, beneath the arrows of the Hittites and the Amalekites, ready to fall upon them and cut them to pieces; to isolate them along with the tabernacle of the Lord in the midst of these idolatrous nations; to impose on them monotheism with a rod of fire, and inspire such fear and veneration for this one God that he should incarnate himself in the flesh of the people, become its national symbol, the end of all its aspirations and its *raison d'être:* such was the gigantic task that Moses undertook.

The Exodus had long been arranged and thought out by the prophet, the principal Israelitish chiefs, and Jethro. To put his plan into execution, Moses took advantage of a time when Menephtah, his former companion, who had now become Pharaoh, was forced to resist the dreaded invasion of Mermaiou, king of the Libyans. The whole of the Egyptian army, being occupied in the direction of the west, was unable to hold back the Hebrews, so the emigration *en masse* was effected in peace and quiet.

Now we have the Beni-Israel on the march. This long stream of caravans, bearing tents on camels' backs and followed by immense flocks of cattle and sheep, is preparing to wind round the Red Sea. So far they consist of only a few thousand men, but later on there will be Canaanites, Edomites, Arabs, and Semites of all kinds, attracted and fascinated by the prophet of the wilderness, who summons them from every part to mould them at his will. The nucleus of this people is formed by the Beni-Israel, upright but stern men, obstinate and rebellious. Their *hags* or chiefs have taught them the worship of the One God. This worship constituted a lofty patriarchal tradition. In these primitive and violent natures, however, monotheism is still

nothing but a superior, an intermittent consciousness. No sooner do their evil passions come to the top than the instinct of polytheism, so natural to man, gains the upper hand. Then they fall back into popular superstitions, into sorcery and the idolatrous practices of the populations bordering on Egypt and Phœnicia, which Moses is to put down by stern, Draconian laws.

Around the prophet who rules this people is a group of priests presided over by Aaron, his brother initiate, and the prophetess Miriam, already representing feminine initiation in Israel. This group forms the priesthood. Along with them are seventy elected chiefs or laic initiates, grouping round the prophet of IEVE, who is to confide to them his secret doctrine and oral tradition, transmit a portion of his power, and at times admit them to share his inspirations and visions.

Into the heart of this group is borne the Golden Ark, the idea of which has been borrowed by Moses from the temples of Egypt, where it served as an arcanum for the books on theurgy. For his own personal designs, he had it cast again, after a new model. The ark of Israel is flanked by four golden cherubim, sphinx-like figures resembling the four symbolical animals of Ezekiel's vision. One has the head of a lion, another that

of a bull, the third that of an eagle, and the fourth that of a man. They personify the four universal elements: earth, water, air, and fire; as well as the four worlds represented by the letters of the divine tetragram. The cherubim protect the mercy-seat with their wings.

This ark is to be the instrument of the electrical and luminous phenomena produced by the magic of the priest of Osiris, phenomena which, magnified in legend, are destined to give birth to the biblical narratives. The golden ark also contains the Sepher Bereshit or Book of Cosmogony, written by Moses in Egyptian hieroglyphs, and the magic wand of the prophet, called in the Bible Moses' rod. It will also contain the Book of the Covenant, or the Law of Mount Sinai. Moses will call the ark the throne of Elohim; for in it lies the sacred tradition, the mission of Israel, the idea of IEVE.

What kind of political constitution did Moses give to his people? In this connection we must quote one of the most curious passages in Exodus. This passage appears all the more ancient and authentic inasmuch as it shows us the weak side of Moses, his tendency to sacerdotal pride and theocratic tyranny, kept in check by his Ethiopian initiator :—

And it came to pass on the morrow, that Moses sat to judge the people: and the people stood by Moses from the morning unto the evening.

And when Moses' father-in-law saw all that he did to the people, he said: What is this thing that thou doest to the people? Why sittest thou thyself alone, and all the people stand by thee from morning unto even?

And Moses said unto his father-in-law, Because the people come unto me to enquire of God.

When they have a matter, they come unto me; and I judge between one and another, and I do make them know the statutes of God, and his laws.

And Moses' father-in-law said unto him, The thing that thou doest is not good.

Thou wilt surely wear away, both thou and this people that is with thee: for this thing is too heavy for thee; thou art not able to perform it thyself alone.

Hearken now unto my voice, I will give thee counsel, and God shall be with thee: Be thou for the people to God-ward, that thou mayest bring the causes unto God: And thou shalt teach them ordinances and laws, and shalt show them the way wherein they must walk, and the work that they must do.

Moreover thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness; and place such over them, to be rulers of thousands, and rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens.

And let them judge the people at all seasons: and it shall be that every great matter they shall bring unto thee, but every small matter they shall judge: so shall it be easier for thyself, and they shall bear the burden with thee.

If thou shalt do this thing, and God command thee so, then thou shalt be able to endure, and all this people shall also go to their place in peace.

So Moses hearkened to the voice of his father-in-law, and did all that he had said.[1]

This passage shows us that in the constitution of Israel established by Moses, the executive power was regarded as an emanation from the judicial power, and placed under the control of the sacerdotal authority. Such was the government bequeathed by Moses to his successors in accordance with the wise advice of Jethro. It remained so under the Judges, from Joshua to Samuel right on to the usurpation of Saul. Under the kings, the abased priesthood began to lose the genuine tradition of Moses which survived only in the prophets.

As we have said, Moses was not a patriot, but rather a tamer of nations, if we take into consideration the destinies of the whole of humanity. For him, Israel was only a means, universal religion was his aim; his thoughts passed far beyond the nomads of his days, to future ages. From the time they left Egypt, to the death of Moses, the history of Israel was nothing but one long duel between the prophet and his people.

Moses first led the tribes of Israel to Sinai, into

[1] Exod. xviii. 13–24. The importance of this passage from the point of view of the social constitution of Israel has been justly pointed out by M. Saint-Yves in his fine volume, *La Mission des Juifs*.

the barren wilderness over against the mountain consecrated to Elohim by all the Semites, where he himself had received his revelation. On the spot where his Genius had taken hold of the prophet, Moses wished to take possession of his people and stamp on their brow the seal of IEVE : the ten commandments, a powerful *résumé* of the moral law and a complement of the transcendental truth contained in the hermetic book of the Ark.

Nothing could be more tragic than this first dialogue between the prophet and his people. Here took place strange scenes, terrible and sanguinary, leaving the impress of a red-hot iron in the mortified flesh of Israel. Beneath the amplifications and exaggerations of the Biblical narrative may be divined the possible reality of the facts.

The *élite* of the tribes is encamped on the plain of Pharan, at the entrance to a wild gorge leading to the rocks of Serbal. The threatening peak of Sinai overlooks this stony, volcanic land. Before the whole assembly, Moses solemnly announces that he will go to the mountain to consult Elohim, and bring back the written law on a table of stone. He orders the people to watch and fast, to await him in chastity and prayer. He leaves the portable Ark, covered by the tent of the tabernacle,

in the care of the seventy elders. Then he disappears into the gorge, taking with him none but his faithful disciple Joshua.

Days pass; Moses does not return. At first the people are uneasy, then they murmur: "Wherefore bring us into this terrible wilderness, exposing us to the attacks of the Amalekites? Moses has promised to lead us to the land of Canaan, flowing with milk and honey, and here we are dying in the desert. Better slavery in Egypt than this wretched life. Would to God we had once again the flesh-pots we ate in Egypt! If the God of Moses is the true God, let him prove it, dispersing all his enemies and allowing us to enter at once into the land of promise." These murmurings increase; mutiny is rife, even the chiefs are disaffected.

And now a group of women appear, whispering and murmuring to one another. These are daughters of Moab, with dark-skinned, supple bodies and opulent forms, concubines or servants of some Edomite chiefs, who are friendly to Israel. They remember that they have been priestesses of Ashtaroth, and have celebrated the orgies of the goddess in the sacred woods of their own land. They feel that the time has come for them to regain their sway, and so they appear on

the spot, decked in gold and gaudy robes, like a troop of beautiful serpents issuing from the earth, their undulating forms shining in the sunlight. They mix with the rebels, regard them with glowing eyes, throw around them their arms ornamented with copper rings, and seduce them with fair-sounding words: "After all, who is this priest of Egypt and his God? He will now be lying dead on Sinai. The Refaïm will have flung him into the abyss. It is not he who will lead the tribes into Canaan. Let the children of Israel call upon the gods of Moab: Belphegor and Ashtaroth! These are gods who can be seen, gods who work miracles! They will lead them into the land of Canaan!" The rebels listen to the Moabite women, they rouse up one another, and the cry comes from the multitude: "Aaron, make us gods to proceed before us; as for Moses who made us depart from the land of Egypt, we know not what has become of him." Aaron tries in vain to calm the crowd. The daughters of Moab summon Phœnician priests who have come by caravan. These bring a wooden statue of Ashtaroth, which they raise aloft on a stone altar. Under penalty of death, the rebels force Aaron to make a golden calf, one of the forms that Belphegor assumed. They sacrifice

bulls and he-goats to strange gods, they eat and drink, whilst lascivious dances, led by the daughters of Moab, begin around the idols, to the sound of *nebels*, *kinnors*, and tabors played by women.

The seventy elders chosen by Moses to guard the Ark have vainly tried by threats and entreaty to stop this disordered state of things. Now they sit down on the ground, their heads covered with sackcloth and ashes. Crouching round the tabernacle of the Ark, they hear with the utmost consternation all kinds of wild cries and voluptuous songs, invocations to the accursed gods, demons of cruelty and lust. They are horrified to see this people in a debauch of joy and revolt against its God. What will become of the Ark, the Book, and Israel, if Moses does not return?

Moses, however, does come back. After his long, lonely meditation on the Mount of Elohim, he brings down the Law on tablets of stone.[1] Entering the camp, he sees the dances, the bacchanalia of his people, before the idols of Ashtaroth and Belphegor. At the sight of the priest of Osiris, the prophet of Elohim, the

[1] In ancient times only the most sacred things were written on stone. The hierophant of Eleusis would read to the initiates from tablets of stone, things they swore to reveal to no one, and which were found written nowhere else.

dances stop, the strange priests take to flight and the rebels begin to tremble. Moses' anger bursts forth like a devouring fire. He breaks the stone tablets, they feel that he would thus crush the whole people, that God has taken possession of him.

Israel trembles, though the rebels dart at the prophet glances of hatred, mingled with fear. A single hesitating word or gesture from the prophet-chief, and the hydra of idolatrous anarchy will erect against him its thousand heads and sweep away beneath a hail of stones the sacred Ark, the prophet, and the idea he represents. Behind Moses are the invisible powers protecting him. He sees that, above all else, he must raise the courage of the seventy elect, to equal his own, and through them influence the whole people. He invokes ELOHIM-IEVE, the male Spirit, the fire-principle, from the immensity of the heavens and from the depths of his own nature.

"Let the Seventy follow me!" he exclaimed; "let them take the Ark, and ascend with me the Mountain of God. As for this people, let them wait and tremble. I will bring back the judgment of Elohim."

The Levites remove from beneath the tent the golden Ark, all veiled, and the procession of the

seventy headed by the prophet, disappears in the defiles of Sinai. Impossible to say who tremble the more: the Levites at what they are about to see, or the people at the punishment Moses leaves impending over their heads, like an invisible sword.

"Ah! if only we could escape from the terrible hands of this priest of Osiris, this prophet of misfortune!" say the rebels. Hastily half the camp fold up the tents, saddle the camels, and prepare for flight. And now a strange twilight, a veil of dust spreads over the sky; a sharp north wind blows from the Red Sea, the wilderness assumes a dull, tawny colour, and great clouds pile up upon one another behind Sinai. Finally, the sky turns black. Gusts of wind carry along clouds of sand, and flashes of lightning cause the wheeling clouds which surround Sinai to burst into torrents of rain. Soon the thunderbolt crashes down, and its echoes fall on the camp in successive detonations. No doubt is felt by the people that this is the anger of Elohim, summoned forth by Moses. The daughters of Moab have disappeared. The idols are overthrown, the chiefs fling themselves on their faces to the ground, whilst the women and children hide behind the camels. This lasts for a whole day and night.

The lightning has struck the tents, killing men and beasts, and the thunder rolls incessantly.

Towards evening, the storm begins to pass away, though the clouds still hover on Sinai's summit and the sky remains black. At the entrance to the camp appear the Seventy, with Moses at their head. In the uncertain twilight, the countenances of the prophet and of his elect shine with supernatural light, as though they had brought back the reflection of a sublime, dazzling vision. Over the golden Ark and the fiery-winged cherubim flickers an electric ray like a phosphorescent column. Before this extraordinary sight, elders and people, men and women, draw back to a distance and fall to the ground.

"Let those who are for the Lord God, come to me!" said Moses.

Three-fourths of the chiefs of Israel take up their stand round Moses, the rebels remain in their tents hiding. Then the prophet advances and orders his faithful followers to put to the sword the priestesses of Ashtaroth and the instigators of the revolt, that Israel may tremble for ever before Elohim, and may remember the law of Sinai, and its first commandment: "I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or the likeness of any thing that is in heaven, in the waters, or under the earth."

It was by such a mixture of terror and mystery that Moses imposed law and worship on his people. The idea of IEVE had to be stamped in letters of fire on their souls; but for such implacable measures, monotheism would never have triumphed over the invading polytheism of Phœnicia and Babylon.

What did the Seventy see on Sinai? Deuteronomy (xxxiii. 2) speaks of a mighty vision, of thousands of saints appearing in the midst of the storm on Sinai, in the light of IEVE. Did the sages of the former cycle, the ancient initiates of the Aryans of India, Persia and Egypt, all the noble sons of Asia, the land of God, come to aid Moses in his work, and exercise a decisive influence over the mind of his co-workers? The spiritual powers which keep guard over humanity are always at hand, but the veil separating us from them is torn asunder only on great occasions and for a few elect. However it be, Moses breathed into the Seventy the divine fire and energy of his own will. They were the first temple, previous to Solomon's: the living temple,

the temple on the march, the heart of Israel, the royal light of God.

By means of the visions of Sinai and the execution *en masse* of the rebels, Moses obtained authority over the nomad Semites whom he ruled with a hand of iron. Similar scenes, however, followed by fresh manifestations of strength, were to be repeated during the marches and cross-marches towards the land of Canaan. Like Mohammed, Moses had to show at once the genius of a prophet, a warrior, and a social organiser. He had to struggle against weariness, calumny, and conspiracy. After the revolt of the people, he had to lower the pride of the Levite priests, who wished to be set on an equal footing with himself, and to be regarded as directly inspired by IEVE ; and then to crush the more dangerous conspiracies of ambitious chiefs like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, who fomented a popular insurrection to overthrow the prophet and proclaim a king, as did the Israelites later on with Saul, in spite of Samuel's opposition. In this struggle, Moses is moved by alternatives of pity and indignation—the love of a father and the roaring of a lion against this people, which writhes beneath his determined will, to which, in spite of everything, it must submit. We find an

echo of this in the dialogues related in the Bible between the prophet and his God, dialogues which seem to reveal what is taking place in the depths of his soul.

In the Pentateuch, Moses triumphs over all obstacles by miracles which are more than improbable. Jehovah, conceived of as a personal God, is always at his disposal. He appears on the tabernacle as a shining cloud, which is called the glory of the Lord. Moses alone can enter—any profane person who approaches is struck down dead. The tabernacle of the congregation containing the ark plays in the Biblical narrative the *rôle* of a gigantic electric battery, which, once charged with the fire of Jehovah, scatters destruction amongst the people. The sons of Aaron, the two hundred and fifty followers of Korah and Dathan, along with fourteen thousand people, are killed by it at one and the same time. Besides this, Moses produces at a given moment, an earthquake, which engulfs the three revolting chiefs with their tents and families. This is described in terrible, awe-inspiring, poetical language. It is so exaggerated, however, of a nature so clearly legendary, that it would be puerile to discuss its reality. What gives an exotic character to these narratives above all else, is the *rôle* of an angry, fickle

God, played by Jehovah. He is always ready to destroy and thunder forth his wrath, whilst Moses represents mercy and wisdom. So childish a conception, one so utterly contradictory to Divinity, is no less alien to the consciousness of an initiate of Osiris, than to that of a Jesus.

And yet these colossal exaggerations appear to spring from certain phenomena due to the magical powers of Moses, and which are not without parallel in the traditions of the temples of old. This is the place to say what amount of credence may be given to the so-called miracles of Moses from the view-point of a rational theosophy and the elucidations of occult science. The production of electrical phenomena in divers forms by the will of powerful initiates is not attributed by antiquity to Moses alone. Chaldæan tradition ascribed it to the magi, the Greek and Latin traditions to certain priests of Jupiter and Apollo.[1] In similar cases, the phenomena are indeed of an

[1] Twice was an attack on the Temple of Delphi repulsed under similar circumstances. In 480 B.C., the troops of Xerxes attacked it, and retreated in terror before a storm, accompanied by flames issuing from the ground, and the fall of large blocks of rock.—*Herodotus.* In 279 B.C., the temple was again attacked by invading Gauls and Cymri. Delphi was defended by a small troop of Phocæans. The moment the barbarians were on the point of entering the temple, a storm burst forth, and the Gauls were defeated (see the *Histoire des Gaulois*, by Amédée Thierry, Book 2).

electrical nature. But the electricity of the terrestrial atmosphere must here have been set in motion by a subtler and more universal force which great adepts would be skilled in attracting, concentrating, and projecting. This force is called by the Brahmans, *ākashā*, by the magi of Chaldæa *the fire principle;* and by the Kabbalists of the Middle Ages *the great magic agent.* From the viewpoint of modern science it might be called *etheric force.* It can either be attracted directly or evoked by means of invisible, conscious, or semi-conscious agents filling the atmosphere of earth, and which the will of the *magi* is able to control. There is nothing in this theory opposed to a rational conception of the universe; it is even indispensable to the explanation of a host of phenomena, which otherwise would remain incomprehensible. It need only be added that these phenomena are governed by immutable laws, always proportioned to the intellectual, moral, and magnetic strength of the adept.

What would be opposed to both reason and philosophy would be the setting in motion of the primary cause, God, or the immediate operation of this cause, by any being whatever, which would come to the same thing as identification of the individual with God. Only relatively does man

rise to him by thought or prayer ; by action or ecstasy. God exercises his action in the universe only indirectly and in hierarchies, by the universal and immutable laws which express his thought, as also through the members of terrestrial and divine humanity who represent him partially and proportionally in the infinitude of time and space.

This position once granted, we regard it as perfectly possible for Moses, sustained by the spiritual powers which protected him, and controlling etheric force with consummate science, to have been able to make use of the Ark as a kind of receptacle or concentrating agent of attraction, for the production of electrical phenomena of a most formidable nature. He insulated himself, his priests, and trusted companions by means of linen garments and odours which protected them from the discharges of the etheric fire. These phenomena, however, could only happen seldom and be limited in number ; they have been exaggerated in the priestly legend. To strike dead a few rebel chiefs or disobedient Levites by such a projection of fluid must have sufficed Moses, whose object was to strike terror into the hearts of the whole people, and to check revolt.

CHAPTER VI

THE DEATH OF MOSES

WHEN Moses had conducted his people to the borders of Canaan, he felt that his work was accomplished. What was IEVE-ELOHIM in the mind of the Seer of Sinai? Divine order seen from above through all the spheres of the universe and realised on the visible earth, under the image of the celestial hierarchies, and of eternal truth. Not in vain had he gazed on the face of the everlasting God, whose reflection is manifested everywhere. The Book was in the Ark, and the Ark was guarded by a mighty people, the living temple of the Lord. The worship of the One God was established on earth; the name of IEVE shone in flaming characters in the consciousness of Israel; though the stream of time rolls over the changing soul of humanity, it will never more efface the name of the One God.

These things Moses understood, so now he summoned the angel of death. He laid his hands on Joshua, his successor, before the temple, in

order that the Spirit of God might pass into him; then he blessed all mankind through the twelve tribes of Israel, and ascended Mount Nebo, followed by none but Joshua and two Levites. Aaron had already been "gathered unto his fathers," and Miriam the prophetess had taken the same journey. The turn of Moses had now come.

What must have been in the mind of the centenarian prophet as he beheld the camp of Israel disappear, and ascended into the sublime silence of Elohim? What were his feelings as he cast his eyes over the Promised Land, from Gilead to Jericho, the City of Palms? A true poet, Alfred de Vigny, depicting this mental condition with the pen of a master, shows him to us uttering the cry:—

> "*O Seigneur, j'ai vécu puissant et solitaire,*
> *Laissez-moi m'endormir du sommeil de la terre.*"[1]

This beautiful couplet is a more eloquent tribute to the soul of Moses than the commentaries of a hundred theologians. This soul is like the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, massive, bare, and dead without, but containing great mysteries within, and in its centre a sarcophagus, called by the initiates the Sarcophagus of the Resurrection. From that

[1] "Mighty and lone have I lived, O my Lord,
Let me now sleep the deep slumber of earth."

spot along a slanting passage may be seen the North Star. So did this impenetrable mind look from its centre to the final goal and object of all things.

Yes, all great men well know the solitude created by their very greatness; but Moses was more isolated than the rest, because his principle was more absolute, more transcendental. His God was the male principle *par excellence*, pure Spirit. To inculcate this principle in mankind he was obliged to declare war on the feminine principle, on the goddess Nature, Heve, the eternal Woman, who enters the soul of Earth and the heart of Man. He was to combat it without truce or mercy, not to destroy, but to subject and tame it. What wonder that Nature and Woman, between whom reigns a mysterious pact, trembled before him! What wonder they rejoiced at his departure; waiting, before they could raise their head once more, till the shadow of Moses had ceased to cast over them the presentiment of death! Such were doubtless the thoughts of the Seer as he ascended Nebo's barren sides. Men could not love him, for he had loved none but God. But would his work, at any rate, live? Would his people remain faithful to their mission? Alas! Fatal is the clairvoyance of the dying,

tragic the prophetic gift, tearing away every veil when the final hour has come! In proportion as the spirit of Moses detached itself from earth, he saw the terrible reality of the future—the treasons of Israel, anarchy raising erect its head, royalty succeeding the Judges, the crimes of the Kings defiling the Temple of the Lord, his book mutilated and misunderstood, his thoughts travestied and disparaged by ignorant or hypocritical priests, the apostasies of kings, the adultery of Judah with idolatrous nations, the pure tradition and sacred doctrine defiled, and the prophets, guardians of the living word, persecuted and driven into the depths of the wilderness.

Seated in a cave cut into Mount Nebo, Moses saw all this within himself. The cold hand of Death was already laid at his heart, his dread wing was hovering above the Seer's brow. Then once again the lion-hearted prophet roared out in anger against his people, summoning the vengeance of Elohim on the race of Judah. He raised his heavy arm. Joshua and the Levites present were struck with dismay as they heard these words leave the lips of the dying man: "The children of Israel have betrayed their God; let them be scattered to the four winds of heaven!"

Joshua and the Levites looked in terror at their

master, who no longer gave any sign of life. His last sentence had been a curse. Had he given up his last breath with it? No. Moses opened his eyes once again and said:—

"And the Lord said unto me . . . I will raise them up a Prophet from among their brethren, like unto thee, and will put my words in his mouth; and he shall speak unto them all that I shall command him.

"And it shall come to pass *that* whosoever shall not hearken unto my words, which he shall speak in my name, I will require *it* of him" (Deuteronomy xviii. 17, 18, 19).

After these prophetic words Moses gave up the ghost. The solar Angel, with the flaming sword, who had first appeared to him on Sinai, was awaiting him. He carried him off into the all-embracing arms of celestial Isis, into the waves of that light which is the Spouse of God. Far away from the regions of earth, they passed through circles of souls, of ever-increasing splendour and glory. Finally the Angel of the Lord showed him a spirit of wonderful beauty and celestial gentleness, but arrayed in so dazzling a light that his own radiance was nothing more than a shadow in comparison with it. He carried in his hand not the sword of punishment, but the palm of sacrifice and victory. Moses now saw that this glorious spirit would fulfil his work, and

bring men back to the Father, by the might of the Eternal-Feminine, by Grace divine and perfect Love.

Then the Law-giver bowed down before the Redeemer, and Moses worshipped Jesus Christ.

THE END

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